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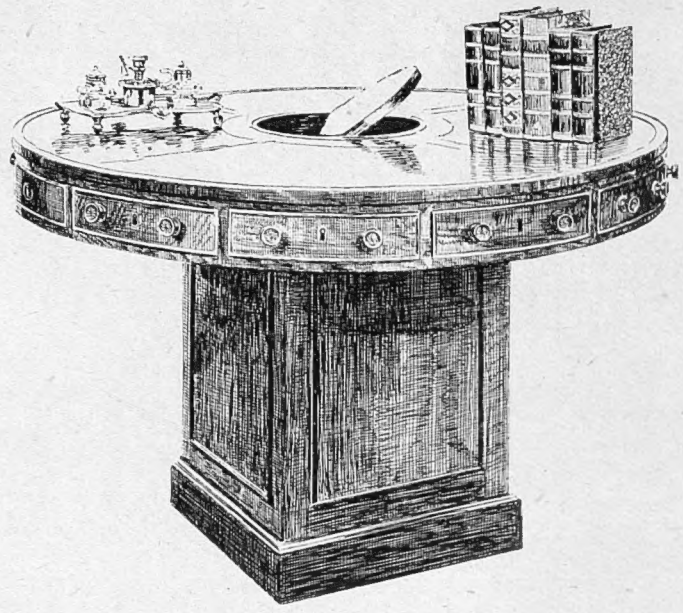

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Volume CLXXXVIII No. 2452

The SPHERE, London, January 18, 1947

THE SPHERE

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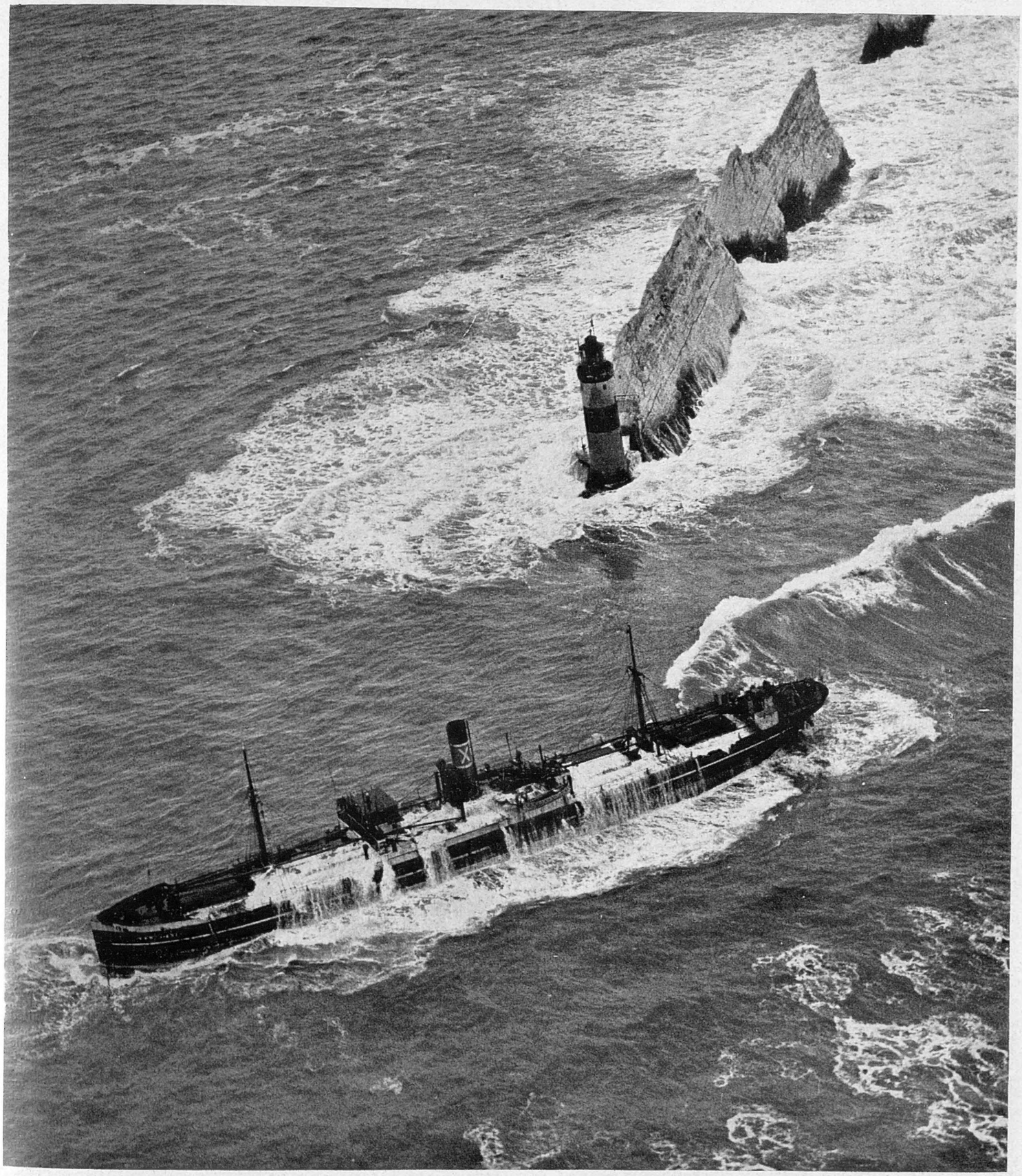
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



**AGROUND AT THE NEEDLES — THE GREEK FRUIT SHIP "VARVASSI" IS POUNDED BY HEAVY SEAS AFTER HITTING THE ROCKS NEAR THE NEEDLES LIGHTHOUSE: At the first high tide she was still aground, tugs having failed to refloat her, and after five days she was reported to be breaking up**

This autumn and winter have been notable for shipwrecks round Britain's coasts, particularly on the dreaded Goodwins, where two large American freighters have already come to grief, breaking in half through the battering of the seas. Last week the scene shifted to the western end of the English Channel, where the Greek steamer *Varvassi* hit submerged rocks about 200 yards off the Needles Lighthouse. The *Varvassi* was loaded with a big cargo of tangerines for the English market, and at the first high tide attempts to release her from the rocks failed, even though several tugs made a concerted effort. Subsequent attempts to release the vessel also failed, and when this picture was taken water was pouring into the holds and she was reported to be breaking up

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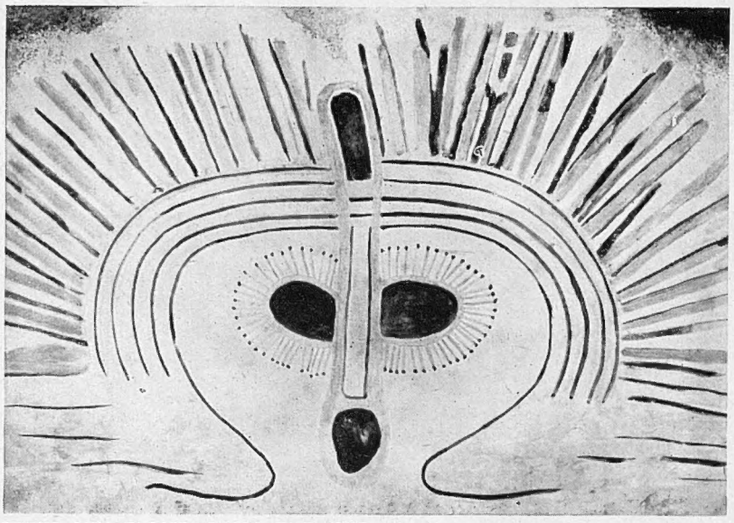
# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**Appeasement.**—It is fair criticism to say that new and dangerous ground is broken when a Minister of the Crown finds it necessary to "apologise" to a section of the community who by an unauthorised strike are endangering the food supplies of the capital or the nation, and to justify Government action to prevent it. I cannot recall any other instance in history in which "appeasement" has been carried to such lengths, with inevitable loss of face to Government and with not less inevitable suspicion of favouring one class at the expense of another. And, indeed, appeasement is the Government's only trump card, and a low one it is when not backed up with firmness, purpose, strength and a courageous determination to put down lawlessness and self-interest and unsocial tendencies and to restore order and civic responsibility. No one disputes that nothing unnecessary should be done to increase acerbity during ticklish negotiations, whether in a wage dispute or an international question, but that cannot justify truckling to acts of sabotage, which are increasingly ham-stringing national revival. Appeasement or truckling has not eased the situation in Palestine and will not ease the industrial situation at home. The measures Mr. Baldwin took in 1926 were warmly endorsed by the nation. That was a pitched battle waged against the State. To-day a series of guerilla skirmishes amount to a major battle and have the same object or result. The Government of to-day must without long delay revise their methods, and might do worse than take a leaf from the Government book of 1926, which it affects to regard as out of date and *démodé*. But wobble and timorousness are not very bright new theories of Government, and the T.U.C. could be better employed to-day in regaining their authority over their members than in guiding the King's Government.

**"Govern or Go."**—It is not only Blimps and crusty Tories in club windows who are shaking their heads and repeating the slogan "Govern or go." The evidence that Mr. Attlee and his team of dreamers have no notion of the meaning of Government hangs on every home bush and in every foreign field. They know all about interference and inquisition; they are nuts on moral platitude and saw. They are law-makers whose record has never been surpassed, and they can fiddle *à ravir*. Yet lack they one vital thing: the will, the purpose, the resolution to lead, to control events, to lift the nation to nobler purpose and to put down insubordination and indiscipline with that strong hand and impartial justice which schoolboys or soldiers or a nation at large recognise and approve. Sops and appeasement, and gentleness at the wrong time and in the wrong place, can never win confidence in, or unity under, any leader or Government. For always the sop offered to one is at the expense of another, if not of the community. For all their confidence in Parliament, where their power is absolute, this team of Mr. Attlee's are anxious, hesitant, nervous men, not sure of themselves as a body or as individuals, and neophytes in the art of governing. And 40,000,000 pairs of eyes are becoming aware of it. A fierce searchlight plays on them and their doings. *Govern or go?* For some years to come, I fancy, they will do neither.

**Came the Dawn?**—If indeed the responsible authorities and elements of Zionism in Palestine are now moving from pious platitudes and gestures of abhorrence towards practical efforts to restrain or kill thugdom, it may be it is not, even now, too late to win back public opinion the world over to the principle and appropriate ideal of a Jewish home in Palestine. The unspeakable outrages and apathy of the past year demand the most active efforts by the sane and the most complete change of heart by the insane elements, if that ideal is to be translated into reality. And even so, it cannot be done unless the principle of compromise be embraced by all concerned. *Restraint and compromise*: the acceptance of the other side's claims in a spirit of understanding, of co-operation, of desire to reach an agreed compromise—those are the attributes of all agreements worth sealing, and they have been absent from most of the post-war disputes, at home and abroad, in matters small and great, political and economic. Every party to a dispute has a case of sorts; justice can never be won by over-stressing one's own and ridiculing that of the other side. Justice *is* compromise in a bankrupt world over which stalk the bogies of want and disorganisation, whether the claim be for territory or a higher wage. It is always a question, moreover, of *economics*, even in political problems; the economics of space and resources, the economics of majority and minority, the nice adjustment of racial differences and rights, of profit and loss. If the protagonist parties in India also show signs at last of realising the essential need of restraint and compromise, if the protagonists of the U.N.O. continue to show the same sign, if in 1947 the world's workers, in their demands for higher wages and ever-shorter hours, begin at last to realise these economic truths, it may be that the dawn which some statesmen have boldly affected to see in this new year may prove less sorry a mare's-nest than Neville Chamberlain's claim after Munich to have brought back peace in our time.



**STONE-AGE RELICS FROM THE BUSH—THE CAVE ARTISTS OF NORTH-WEST AUSTRALIA: These two drawings, in which some people see a close resemblance to the celebrated Chad, were copied from cave drawings found in the barren areas of North-West Australia. The drawings are now on view at a special exhibition at Australia House, but they have come to London by a devious route, having been painted originally by members of the German Frobenius scientific mission and taken to Frankfurt before the war. Now the Americans have lent the pictures from their zone of occupation in Germany. A certain amount of mystery attaches to the drawings, as some of them show people of fair skin, whereas the surviving aborigines are black. These natives, in some instances, wear garments with a low neckline, while the aborigines wear no clothing**

**Stay in Britain.**—Mr. Nutting, M.P. for Melton, recently gave his advice on careers to an audience of schoolboys. Summed up, that advice was: *That they should stay in Britain and fight it out.* Fight out . . . what? Present frustration, disappointments, set-backs and general difficulties in finding and making careers. In our peculiar circumstances at this time, that advice seems to me sound sense. Two world wars in a generation have greatly reduced the number of potential leaders from two rising generations. The Dominions and Colonies will take only the best of our youth which remains. The old in the Old Country are more tired than mere length of years warrants. If the Old Country is to pull through and raise her head high again, she has need of all the best of her young men and women at home, and it is a priority need for two decades at least, which the Dominions will acknowledge. While our man-power remains the problem and linch-pin it is to-day, home patriotism must have priority of Empire patriotism. It may still be said of the British Commonwealth (and perhaps of civilisation): "Who lives, if England die?" We must begin at home. Our influence and strength must radiate outwards from the centre and heart. And that being so, self-interests must give way to the wider loyalty to country. There are many, old as well as young, who yearn to find a freer, less harassed and regimented way of life. Their duty lies in staying at home and helping to make this Old Country free and prosperous and hopeful once more—and thereafter to keep her so. Only the best and the strong can achieve that.

**How to be Happy.**—I always read through to the end those "guidance" articles by notables which are so popular in the Sunday Press. They express the philosophy (and often the pride) of men who have made a success of living. They all quote first the vanity of riches, citing those sad and lonely or dyspeptic millionaires who would gladly "write a cheque for a quarter-million" if it could buy for them affection, friendship or a nice, new stomach. Wealth brings none of these; worldly success is but an evanescent satisfaction, for always it cries "*More, more,*" and leads but to new jealousies and strivings. I think it was General Smuts who recently told a young lady the top-level secret of his extraordinary vitality. "So long as you retain the power to laugh at yourself, so long you can keep the vigour of youth." General Smuts usually talks golden sense; but that particular nugget came as a surprise packet to me. I seldom offer advice, very seldom convince myself out of the scanty store of my own experience. But on the subject of happiness, without boasting of having found the secret for myself, I am cocksure that I know where it is hid. In *work*, in the work you love and do well, in labouring (if possible, with your hands) the thing that is good. And what an apt slogan lies in that conclusion for our nation to-day. Your happy man is the *craftsman*, once a-plenty in *Merrie* England. Nothing else lasts, no substitute works. The art collector adds to his treasures and gains a week's satisfaction. To the keenest sportsman comes a time when the fine edge wears off . . . from golf, shooting, even from hunting. Friends are an invaluable ally, and a love of society a great interest and consolation. But friends are not so safe and sure a specific as is work. For a man's friends may learn the secret also, and thereafter find less time for . . . friendship. So, Smuts is right, and Chesterton and Belloc and I (and many other amateur philosophers), but on this subject I yield to none of the big guns. I am quite positive.

**This Year of Grace.**—Admiral Layton's report on the religious knowledge of Navy recruits of eighteen-nineteen years of age might well make angels weep, bishops groan and even busy ministers *reflect*. Only 23 per cent. could repeat the Lord's Prayer; 30 per cent. had "never heard" of Jesus Christ. Only 45 per cent. were aware of the significance of Easter. While angels weep, bishops groan and ministers do (or do not) reflect, the mothers of England, if not the paid teachers, might examine their consciences and make a tardy New Year resolution. For, looked at merely as general knowledge and "with no religious bias," these gaps in education are sufficiently significant of a national retrogression. And every aspect of modern existence lays stress on what our national life loses by this decline in spiritual values, this growing disregard of any pattern of the Good Life.

**The Female of the Species.**—The Tower Bridge magistrate is a woman. Miss Sybil Campbell is learned in the law and every inch equipped by training and ability to administer justice. Nevertheless, it would be fair to say that few London magistrates to-day have so many of their sentences varied by higher authority on the score of severity. As one who, sitting on a rural bench, took note of Home Office instructions that these benches must be recruited from women because they have a more sympathetic understanding of juvenile delinquency, I perpend on this evidence from Tower Bridge. Fair-mindedly and impartially, too: for I am one of those who believe that crime-waves should be met by increased severity in sentences and that juvenile delinquency could be greatly reduced if parents at any rate still kept an eye on their young and even a rod in pickle. Nevertheless, I fancy that Miss Campbell's appointment may not give a big impetus to the appointment of lady stipendiaries, and I make that prophecy with no reflection at all on her high qualifications and conduct of procedure in her court. It is the larger and impersonal question of the comparative standards of severity in dealing with proven crime as between men and women which I venture to raise. Not that a single instance proves any rule. THE OLD STAGER

**THE FOLKESTONE AIR CRASH—A B.O.A.C. DAKOTA JUST FAILS TO CLEAR THE TREES ON A HILLSIDE AT STOWTING:** The British airliner seen after it came to grief last week-end. The pilot, who had run out of petrol, was attempting to clear these trees and land on the plateau beyond. Another few feet of clearance and he would have brought the machine down in safety. Of the eleven passengers and five members of the crew, six were killed and a few others were reported to be in a critical condition. Several people were trapped in the nose of the plane, and firemen had to work with axes to extricate them

# DISASTER in the AIR and UNDER-GROUND

The Dakota crash near Folkestone last week-end was the result of an unlucky chain of circumstances. The pilot, Captain Goalen, was bound for West Africa with eleven passengers. On arrival at Bordeaux heavy fog shrouded the airfield and he turned back for Paris. On reaching Le Bourget fog, too, had descended there, although only a few minutes previously, and Captain Goalen then headed for England. When over Cap Gris Nez he reported that his petrol had nearly run out, but he succeeded in crossing the Straits. Eventually he came to grief on a Kentish hillside through having insufficient clearance to cross a belt of trees

*On right*—The disaster at Burngrange Shale Pit in Midlothian claimed a total of fifteen victims, one man being killed when groping his way to safety after the explosion, and fourteen being trapped. As a result of the tragedy nearly forty children have been rendered fatherless and the whole town of West Calder has been plunged into mourning. The mine, which belongs to Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company, was sunk ten years ago and it is the most modern in the British Shale oil industry

**THE FIGHT TO SAVE FOURTEEN ENTOMBED MINERS:** Members of one of the rescue squads groping their way forward in the Burngrange Shale Pit, near West Calder, Midlothian, when attempting, amid blinding flames, scorching heat and dense smoke, to reach men who had been trapped by an explosion. As the rescue squads advanced, crumbling roofs had to be propped, and at one point the men reported that the walls were white-hot. Last Sunday all hope of further rescues was abandoned

THE CAMP AT CLAPHAM COMMON, NICKNAMED "HUNGRY HILL": One of the open-air cook-houses put into operation to accommodate the 1,000 men of the Guards Training Battalion and the 600 Scots Guards who arrived there last Sunday preparatory to handling London's food supplies on Monday morning, when they took the place of transport strikers in the markets

# THE ARMY AND THE TRANSPORT STRIKE

## The Camp at Clapham Common Where the Troops Established Their Headquarters

Last week-end London had a sharp reminder of the days of the General Strike in 1926 as troops converged on the capital, and, taking up their quarters in the air-raid shelters at Clapham Common, prepared to handle London's food supplies. After settling themselves in on Sunday, the men started out on Monday for Smithfield and other markets, and they set to work with all speed to clear some of the surplus goods which have piled up since 20,000 London transport workers first came out last week with unofficial demands for shorter hours

THE ARRIVAL AT CLAPHAM COMMON: Guardsmen drawn up near the improvised camp which became their headquarters while acting as London's transport workers. They carried no arms when entering the markets

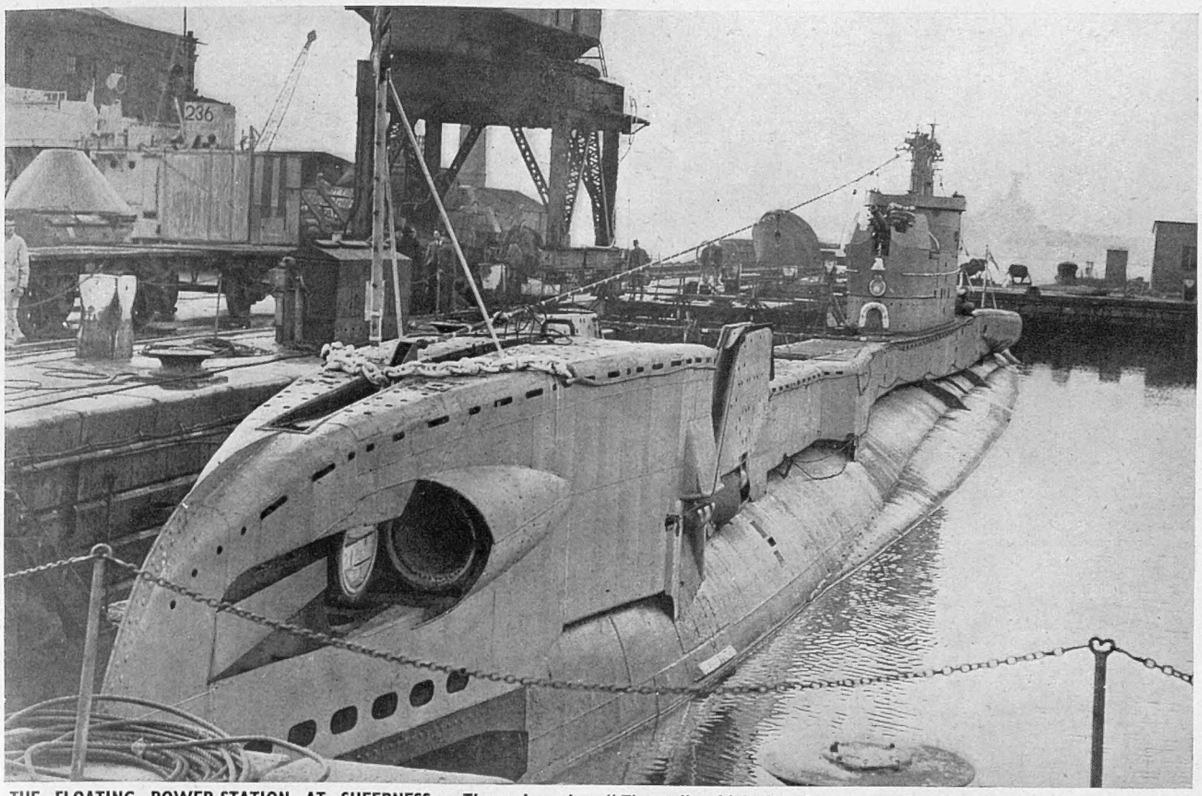
A CONVOY IS READY TO MOVE OFF: Heavy-duty lorries lined up at Clapham Common before leaving for the London markets. The most vital objective was Smithfield, where large quantities of meat awaited delivery

THE GUARDSMEN MARCH IN: A company crossing Clapham Common on arrival last Sunday. The men came from Pirbright, and the arrangements for their reception were essentially rough-and-ready, the military authorities having so little warning that they would be required. The men slept in air-raid shelters, and their cook-houses were established in the open air

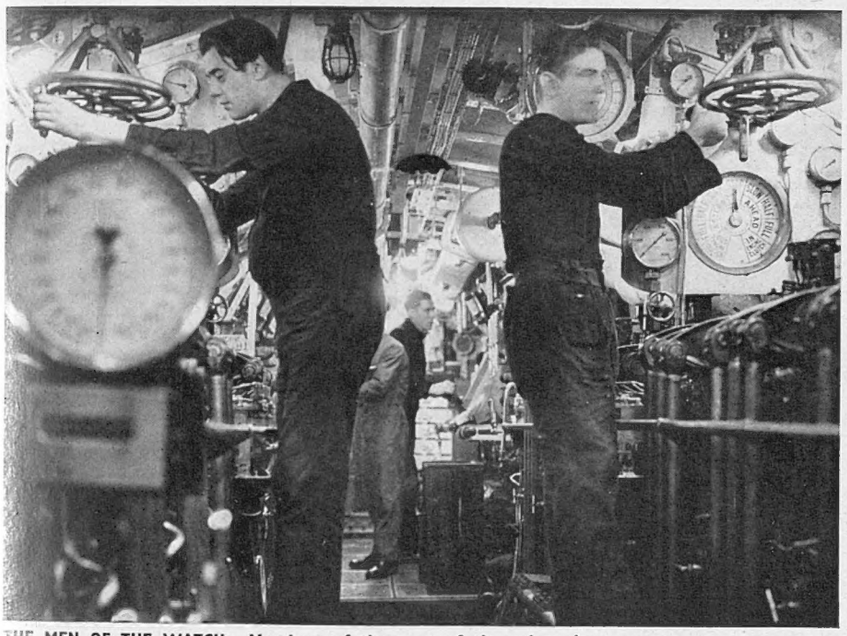
# A SUBMARINE TO THE RESCUE

## The "Tiptoe" Provides Power for Sheerness Dockyard

During the war warships were quite often used as power-plants to supply seaports where retreating enemy units had wrecked the power-stations, and the work done by the British Navy at Naples certainly helped in the restoration of Italy's southern city. Now Britain, hard-pressed for coal at the peak of winter, is trying the same experiment, and last week submarines went into action at Sheerness, Portsmouth and Devonport, succeeding by the use of their Diesel plants in saving many hundreds of tons of coal for the shore installations. *Tiptoe* was linked to the dockyard at Sheerness by four main cables, and the duties of her crew were so divided that any watch could, if necessary, keep up a supply of power to the shore

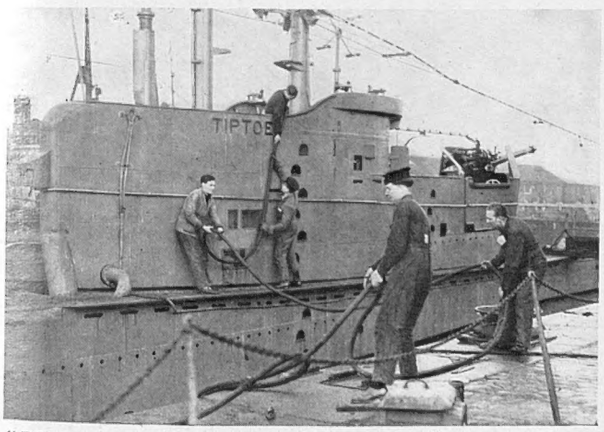


THE FLOATING POWER-STATION AT SHEERNESS: The submarine "Tiptoe," which has been coupled up by four mains to the shore, enabling her to supply power for dockyard installations and thus save fuel and power normally drawn from domestic sources



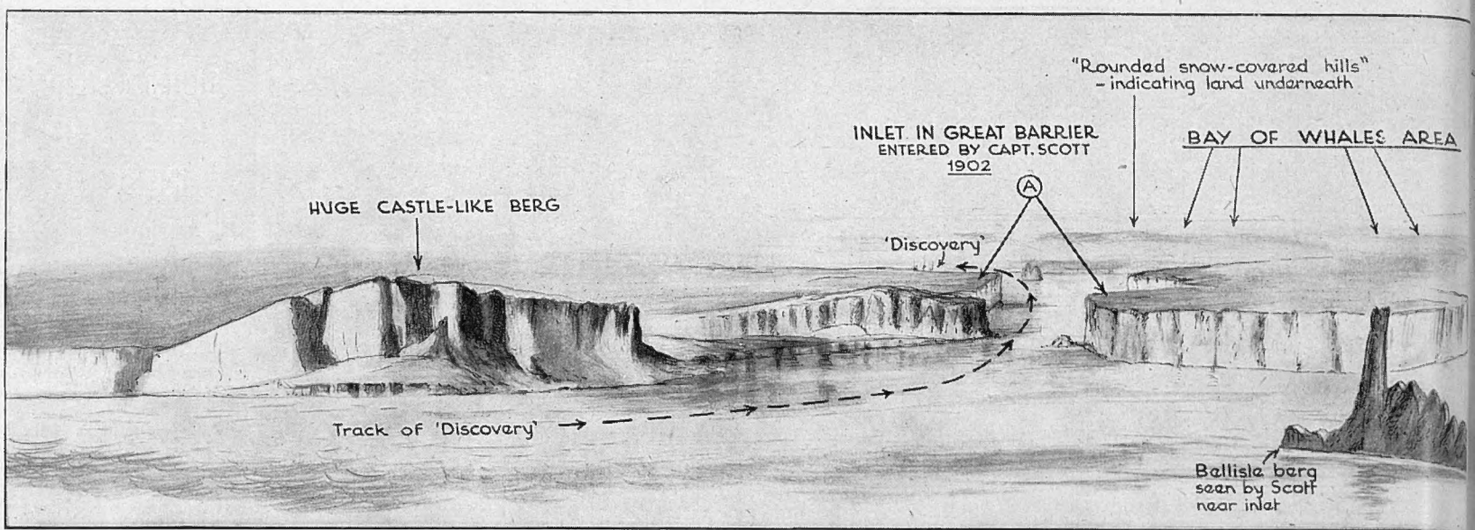
THE MEN OF THE WATCH: Members of the crew of the submarine "Tiptoe" at Sheerness operating the power-plant. "Tiptoe" is a patrol-type submarine, and is comparatively modern, having been completed in 1944. She develops 2,500 h.p.

"TIPTOE" GOES INTO ACTION: Connecting up one of the shore cables at Sheerness to the submarine's generators. "Tiptoe" burns Diesel oil, and is capable of a daily output of 1,000 kilowatts




"TIPTOE'S" LINK WITH THE SHORE: Fixing one of the four main cables before the submarine's generating plant began to supply power to Sheerness Dockyard

*On right*—THERE WAS A MAN-POWER SHORTAGE AS WELL: If coal and power was one problem confronting the nation last week-end, the mails were another. This scene at Euston, showing mail-bags awaiting collection, typified the hold-up created by the transport men, about 20,000 of whom were out by January 10

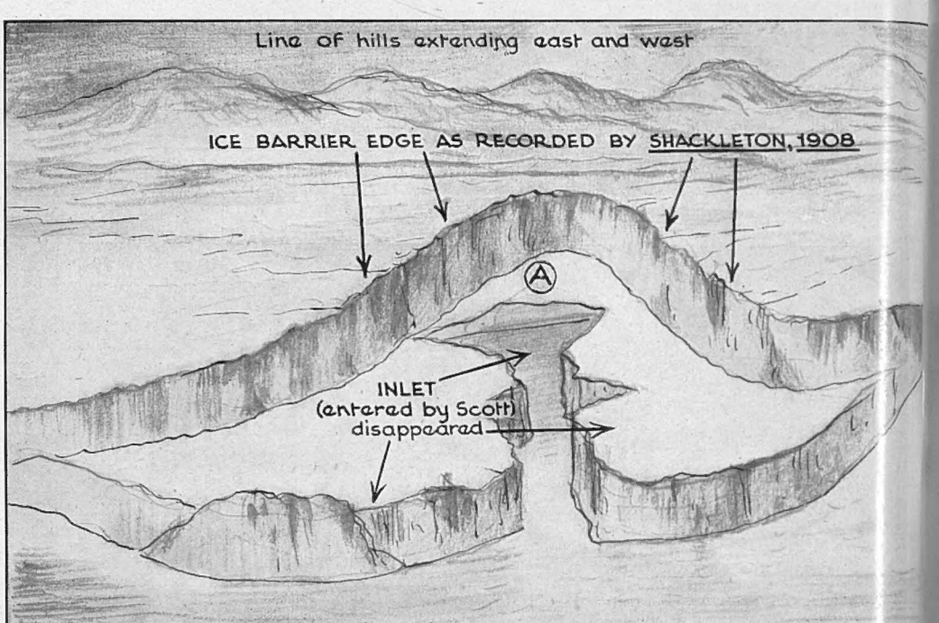



**THE BAY OF WHALES AS IT APPEARED TO CAPTAIN SCOTT IN 1902: A diagrammatic sketch showing the route taken by Scott's "Discovery" during the important expedition in which he discovered the true position of the South Magnetic Pole. At the time of writing, Admiral Byrd is heading south for the same Bay of Whales, where he himself narrowly escaped disaster in his 19[illegible] expedition, when his ship was threatened with destruction by the pack-ice. It is a curious fact that the bay changes its configuration from year to year, and this and other drawings on this page show how it has appeared on various occasions in the present century. Admiral Byrd may well encounter there conditions that are quite unlooked for, although some features are essentially permanent**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

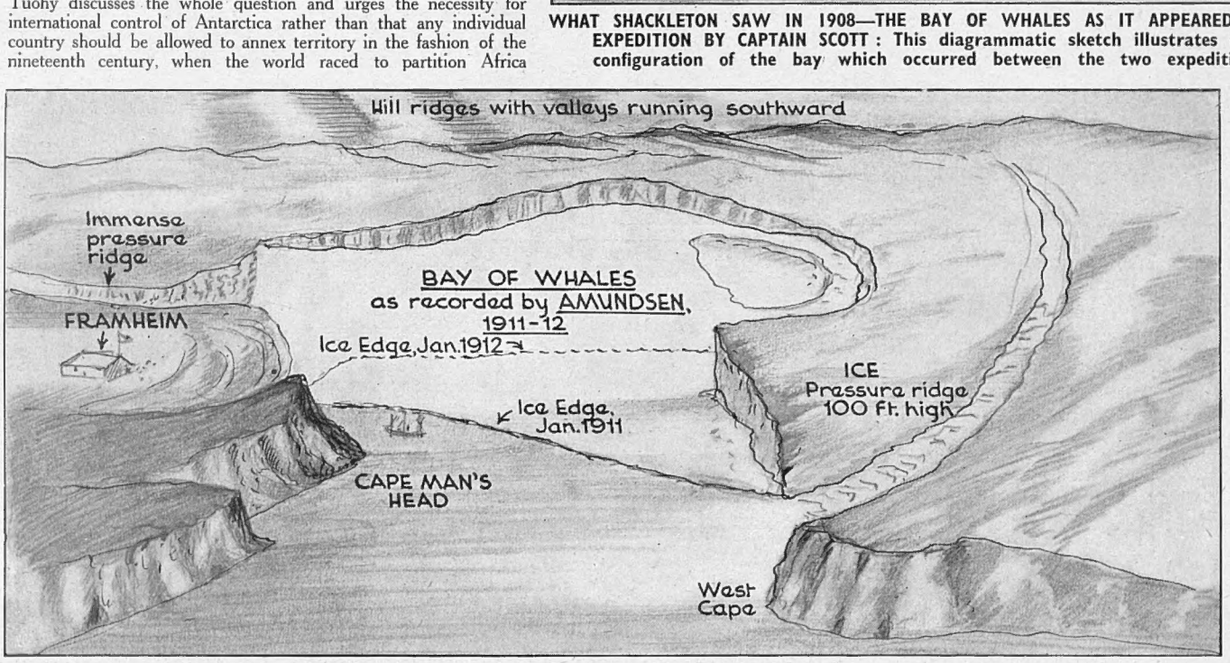
# ALL EYES ON THE ANTARCTIC

## As Admiral Byrd Heads for the Bay of Whales

Nine nations are at present concentrating their attention on the South Polar regions, and announcements have lately been made of no fewer than eight expeditions to the Antarctic ice-cap. The most important expedition, and quite the largest, is that under the leadership of Admiral Byrd, the American explorer, who set out before Christmas with thirteen ships and 4,000 men under his command, one of his intentions being to create an air base in the far south and map the Antarctic Continent with the aid of heavy transport planes. Part of the expedition, it was announced, was heading for the Bay of Whales, and on these pages details are given of some of the remarkable features of this bay which has brought disaster and near-disaster to more than one expedition in the past. It has been stated in some quarters that the present interest in the Antarctic is based on possible sources of uranium and other mineral wealth, but scientific opinion tends to discount the possibilities. In his article on page 80 Ferdinand Tuohy discusses the whole question and urges the necessity for international control of Antarctica rather than that any individual country should be allowed to annex territory in the fashion of the nineteenth century, when the world raced to partition Africa



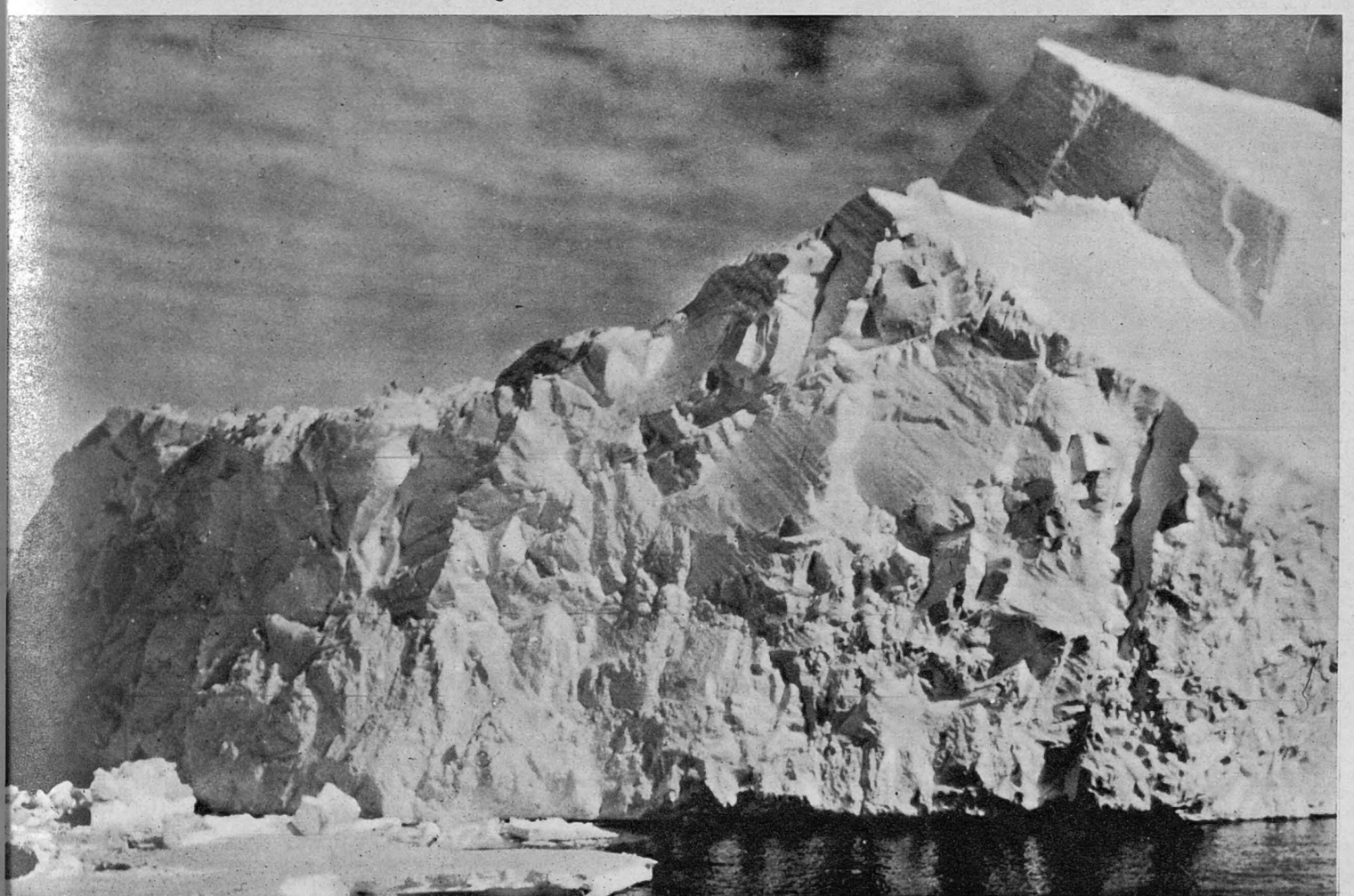

**WHAT SHACKLETON SAW IN 1908—THE BAY OF WHALES AS IT APPEARED SIX YEARS AFTER THE FIR[illegible] EXPEDITION BY CAPTAIN SCOTT: This diagrammatic sketch illustrates the tremendous change in t[illegible] configuration of the bay which occurred between the two expeditions, and it is possible th[illegible] Admiral Byrd will return fr[illegible] his latest journey with repo[illegible] of equally marked chang[illegible] It was Shackleton who fi[illegible] named the Bay of Whales, [illegible] it was a veritable playgrou[illegible] of these monsters. In the [illegible] years' interval since his l[illegible] visit, when under Scott, t[illegible] Barrier, so long thought to [illegible] solid and enduring, had part[illegible] broken adrift, and he cou[illegible] see that at any moment [illegible] might do so again. Shackleto[illegible] was probably the first [illegible] realise that the Bay of Whal[illegible] area consisted in part of stab[illegible] features, with a foundation [illegible] rock and in part of ice capab[illegible] of alarming rapidity of mov[illegible] ment. One of his successor[illegible] Lincoln Ellsworth, recorded [illegible] one occasion: "In fifte[illegible] minutes five miles of the Ro[illegible] Barrier crumpled." It w[illegible] be seen how the bay featur[illegible] marked "A" in the top dra[illegible] ing on this page differs fr[illegible] that marked "A" in th[illegible] drawing**—*Drawing by Percy Ho[illegible]*




**A THIRD RECORDED CHANGE IN THE BAY OF WHALES—WHAT AMUNDSEN SAW IN HIS POLE-CONQUERING EXPEDITION OF 1911-1912: The Norwegian explorer beheld a very different bay to that which had confronted Shackleton and Scott earlier in the century, and at this time Cape Man's Head was a distinctly prominent feature. Three miles from the Barrier edge Amundsen established his base, which he called Framheim, and by taking the risk that this was terrain which would not move, or, at any rate, would shift only slowly, he placed himself 80 miles nearer the Pole than he had hoped to be. Before a year was out the world was to hear of his spectacular dash to the far south. Both Scott and Amundsen noted the snow-covered ridges in the distance, and they both believed that there was rock beneath**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

In the whole history of Antarctic exploration the Bay of Whales has achieved a prominence in proportion to its importance as a South Polar base of operations, and in the successive expeditions of Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen, Admiral Byrd and Lincoln Ellsworth it has invariably been visited, and on more than one occasion it has spelt disaster for those who have ventured among the treacherous pack-ice. The Lincoln Ellsworth expedition in 1933 was particularly unfortunate in the Bay of Whales, Ellsworth's plane being unloaded on unbroken and apparently land-fast sea-ice lying between his ship and the Great Ross Barrier, only to find that the wind veered and the in-running swell broke up the ice into small floes, between wh[illegible] the plane dropped through [illegible] suffered irreparable damage. A f[illegible] months later Admiral Byrd wa[illegible] difficulty in the bay, his ship b[illegible] imperilled by the moving ice. W[illegible] her plates became dented, bin[illegible] and bales of rope were lowered down her side to protect [illegible] from ice pressure, and at the same time ice piled up aro[illegible] her in alarming fashion. Both these happenings are typ[illegible] of what may occur in the bay, and, at the time of writ[illegible] scientists all over the world are waiting with keen inte[illegible] the first news from Admiral Byrd's latest Polar expedi[illegible]

A SEEMINGLY PERMANENT FEATURE OF THE EVER-CHANGING BAY OF WHALES—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE CELEBRATED CAPEMAN'S HEAD WHICH FIGURED LARGELY IN AMUNDSEN'S EXPEDITION OF 1911-1912, WHEN HE ESTABLISHED A BASE A FEW MILES AWAY AT FRAMHEIM: Whatever changes occur in the configuration of the bay from expedition to expedition, Capeman's Head is always there, its cliffs towering above the bay ice. Whole sections of the Barrier may calve off in a few hours, but this headland remains, and it is probable that it is underlain by rock. When Amundsen took the risk of landing here he placed himself 80 miles nearer the Pole than original estimations allowed for, and this was one of the secrets of his success—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*



THE PERIL OF THE ROSS SEA—A GIANT ICEBERG, HALF-A-MILE IN LENGTH AND TOWERING 200 FT. ABOVE THE WATER: These huge drifting bergs have frequently spelt disaster for Polar research ships, and Shackleton recorded on one occasion how the slightest touch sprung all the timbers in one of his vessels. On his present expedition to the south Byrd is taking no fewer than thirteen ships, and with him 4,000 men are braving the Antarctic

# CAN UNO REACH THE SOUTH POLE?

## Nine Nations are Interested in Antarctica, and the Solution may be International Control

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BECAUSE exploration interests every age, from boyhood to the oldest member of a geographical society, when it was asserted in the '30's that man had no more worlds to conquer, there was a feeling that something had gone from earthly life. Never again would mankind hear of the finding of a Zambesi, or of an Etukishook trudging back victoriously from the North Pole. Henceforward, the human race was fenced in permanently, would know no further thrills of discovery or revelation.

If for no other reason than that it dispels the above depressing and even sad thought, the multiple invasion of Antarctica, sometimes called the Sixth Continent, is an event to be welcomed, and this despite the forebodings already voiced to the effect that the competing nations are voyaging towards additional international trouble at the same time as they sail towards seals and penguins and miles unending of icy, lifeless waste.

It cannot even be upheld that the romance has gone out of Polar expeditions when one considers the new methods, gadgets and inventions which are being tested in the effort to make this 5,000,000 square miles sub-continent reveal its frozen secrets and unknown quantities, such as the use of sonic apparatus, helicopters for precise aerial mapping, submarines (although Wilkins pioneered under water towards the North Pole), of cold-weather mining equipment, intensively developed wartime meteorological devices, and scientific instruments applicable to geology and biology. One claim is even that the South Polar regions have demonstrably cured consumption, and that sanatoria, fed by air lines, may be set up in this healthiest of air in the years to come.

Only does the invasion assume a sombre hue when the principal, though unacknowledged, aim of Admiral Byrd's Task Force of 4,000 men is brought into the light of day. "Operation High Jump's" aim is the testing of how a combined force of naval, air and infantry units can move, fight and be supplied over a protracted period under Arctic conditions. The operative word being "Arctic," since New York sources have blurted out that Byrd's Command is operating in conditions similar to those likely to be encountered by an American army penetrating Russian Siberia. Nor does the warlike tinge fade, but the reverse, when we hear of a second U.S. expedition setting out from Texas, under Finn Ronne, whose chief objective will be the testing of cold-weather equipment for the U.S. Air Force.

What a way we have journeyed in thirty-five years, since ten Norwegians and Britons trudged to the South Pole, and only five came back! Now it 's a Task Force that takes over, and politics and strategy loom where once an Amundsen's and Scott's endeavour for endeavour's sake held the icefield. The atom bomb itself is closely involved, if the reports of uranium deposits should prove to have any validity.

One way and the other, the North Pole is going to feel very lonely; that is, unless the Russians decide to carry out their manœuvres up there. They have a distinct lead in embracing this Polar region, but, if report be correct, are contemplating turning their attention to the South Pole too, by sending an expedition thither for the first time in 126 years. Here is the full line-up for penguin disdain: Britain, United States, Argentina, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Chile, Sweden, U.S.S.R., with South Africa thinking hard about staking a tenth claim, and France, by warning that she has interests down south, announcing an eleventh.

The two first are already on the scene of what I may or may not be excused for calling The Cold Rush, and Argentina is on her way. Chile is likely to be the next off, and most of the remainder should be in motion by the autumn, with the possibility of Britain participating twice over by linking with the Norwegian and Swedish plans. But ere then the whole question of the validity of Antarctic claims may be up before U.N.O., since the handsome and popular American Admiral will have returned to the United States by May, and it is an understood thing that his report will include recommendations relating not only to America's claims, but for the avoidance of international controversies by the submission of rival claims to the adjudication of the United Nations.

Although America did not engender The Cold Rush, she is so obviously the leader of the dance—the hug—that this is the place to mention the remarkably comfortable attitude she has taken up. She reserves all rights she may possess in the Antarctic, and does not recognise a single claim made by Britain, Australia, or any other country. Just that. One might well ask what the United States were doing in the Antarctic during the 160 years (1773-1933) in course of which nearly twenty expeditions crossed the Antarctic Circle, beginning with one James Cook's. The answer is little or nothing compared with others.

Americans plumped for the North Pole, and didn't take any interest in the South Polar regions until Byrd flew over them in the '30's, and, towards the end of them, embarked on the elaborate "Little America" expedition which led to the discovery of Marie Byrd Land. That is all the Americans have discovered, whereas, before their advent, Britons, Australians, New Zealanders and Norwegians had, in expedition after expedition, laid claim by title of footfall to almost two-thirds of the huge continent.

There will be those to contend that as Americans and British are coalescing militarily, what is the point in quarrelling as to who occupies which piece of ice. Others may hold that it is not good for Americans to be able to adopt such a high-and-mighty attitude; that such power is no good for anyone, especially when it is wielded by an unhappy, neurotic people who have far from solved their own domestic affairs. For it is ever-greater world power that the Americans seek through the Antarctic. So much is clear despite the smoke-screen about romantic exploration.

The correct interpretation of Byrd's undreamt-of descent in force, which must have been planned a considerable time back, is to be sought in a new concept of strategy that runs from Pole to Pole, and in the Admiral's "If I find any uranium, I will not turn my back on it." The Americans are out to stoke their atomic monopoly with all of the vital mineral they can lay hands on.

Next most insistent are the Argentinians, who have never recognised British possession of the islands and territory between South America and the Pole, and claim the whole lot, beginning with the Falklands. For over forty years the Argentine has been allowed to maintain a meteorological mission on Coronation Island, in the British South Orkneys; now she wants a show-down by international conference. A characteristic Buenos Aires comment has it that "England has the best ships; America the best planes, trained dogs and equipment; Norway has more experience; Russia has the incentive; Argentina and Chile have the logic and the right." The logic and the right being based on the contention that those peoples living nearest to Antarctica should share its millions of miles and whatever it has to offer. These are: Argentina, Chile, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa.

New Zealand is perturbed because "Little America" is well within the Ross Dependency, sovereignty over which dates from 1923. Australia, for her part, declares she will not forgo her claim to a large 1933 slice of Antarctica to United Nations control. South Africa, having yet to stake a claim, feels that as she is "only" 2,300 miles away, she should do so.

As for Britain, she would be doubly involved did the issue go before the United Nations: by the Argentine's claim and by the United States' secondary expedition to Graham Land, which will almost certainly lead to the creation of an American base by the hitherto British-controlled Weddell Sea. There are signs of oil in Graham Land, just as coal has been found in New Zealand's Victoria Land, and copper and gold elsewhere. Yet experts who have been on the spot declare that even if these deposits were of good quality, which they are not, the difficulty of winning them would be out of all proportion to their value.

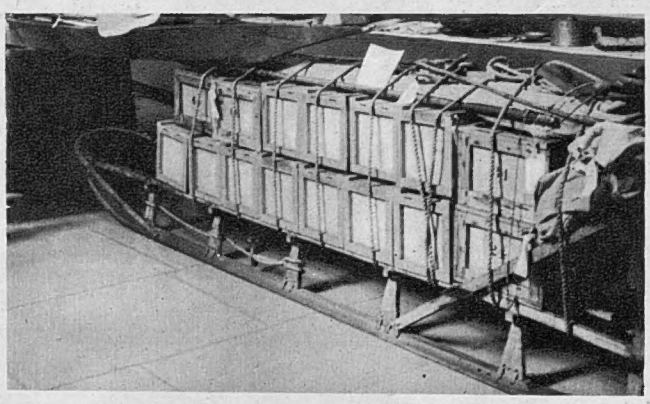
The only really valuable material gain from the Antarctic lies in a greater exploitation of the ever-more-wanted whaling industry.

Yet there does exist the chance of another possible gain, and we would have to thank the Nazis did it eventuate. In 1942 German pilots flew over the South Pole and brought back photographs of an ice-free land barely 200 miles from the South Pole itself. The pictures, which were published in Leipzig, suggest a comparatively warm land of mountain and valley, and as Antarctica is known to be a seat of mineral riches, here, if anywhere, could they be mined.

The Germans dropped swastika flags on the unknown land of some promise, which forms part of the Queen Maud Range, but this is not recognised as annexing a territory. You must set foot on it, and Britain has so far come nearest to that by sending out a hush-hush expedition to Marguerite Island in 1943. The valley is to be the objective of the Swedish expedition under Professor Ahlmann, and as there is a likelihood of Britain, Sweden and Norway forming a joint expedition, our chances of first treading the mystery land are strong and rosy.

Up till now, the only part of Antarctica that has been in any sense governed has been the Falkland Island Dependencies, which have issued both postage stamps and whaling licences, and the elongated tip of Graham Land. Now it is manifestly clear that this uniqueness will not last much longer and that various stakes in Antarctica are about to become an international issue. The great thing is to avoid more bad blood. The American aim is to submit all claims to U.N.O., to start the whole thing over again, as if no previous exploration had ever borne fruit. Might not a better way be to place the whole sub-continent under United Nations control as the United Territories of Antarctica? The first co-operative international enterprise, and we could have quite attractive initials U.T.A.

**THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S POLAR EXHIBITION: Some of the exhibits at the Society's headquarters in Kensington Gore, where the visitor can see the progress which has been made of recent years in the provision of equipment for the Polar explorer. In the background on the left is a special stand relating to the remarkable North Polar flight of the Lancaster research aircraft "Aries," which has provided us with much vital new data since its record-breaking journey across the roof of the world from America to Great Britain**



**THE TYPE OF SLEDGE USED IN POLAR EXPEDITIONS: This is known as the Nansen type, and it will be seen how the boxes and stores are loaded and secured. The sledge has been on view at the Royal Geographical Society's Polar Exhibition in London**

**AN M.S.C. MOVING AT FULL SPEED AND READY TO DIVE—THE REMARKABLE MOTORISED SUBMERSIBLE CANOE WHICH BRITISH SEAMEN TOOK INTO ENEMY HARBOURS IN ORDER TO ATTACK SHIPPING:** These are among the first pictures of the canoe to be published, as during the war it was, for obvious reasons, kept a closely-guarded secret. Each craft is 12 ft. 8 ins. long, with a beam of 27 ins. It can travel on the surface, partly submerged, as depicted here, or completely under water. Special flooding valves regulate the degree of submersion

*Another War Secret Revealed*

# BRITAIN'S FIGHTING CANOEMEN

## How They Operated Their Motorised Submersible Canoes in Enemy Harbours

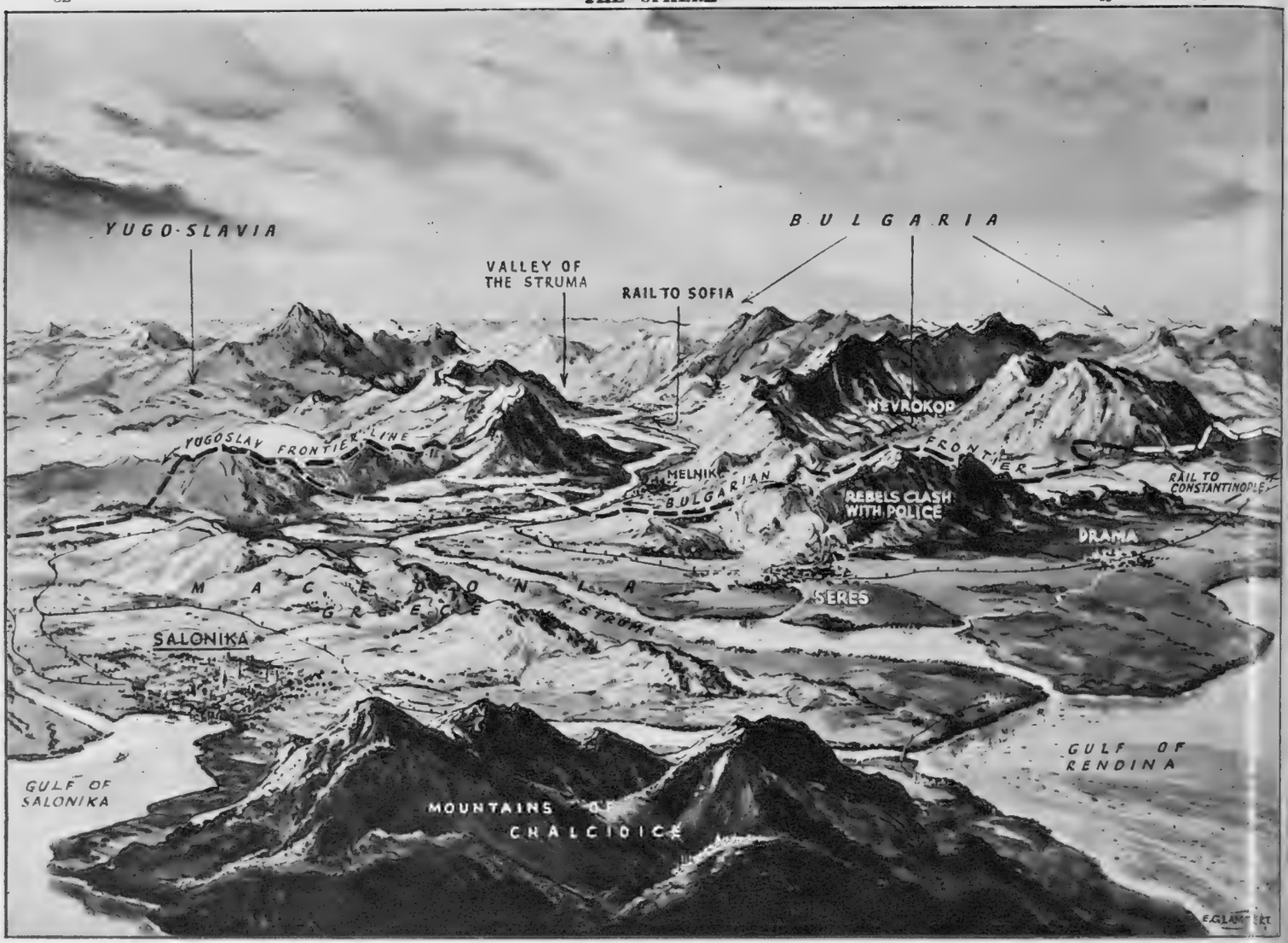
**AN M.S.C. IN ITS SUBMARINE ROLE:** Adorned with Mediterranean-type camouflage, the operator of the motorised submersible canoe can submerge to a depth of 50 ft. and then steal into a harbour without detection, there to carry out well-planned acts of sabotage. Despite the human endurance the service demanded, there was no lack of volunteers for the canoes during the war. The canoes were driven by a single screw operated by an electric motor

**THE PILOT ACTS AS HIS OWN PERISCOPE:** Wearing his oxygen mask, he travels through the water with his canoe, less than 2 ft beneath the surface. With one hand he can operate the valve which will send him to the surface or take him down to a depth of 50 ft.

**AFTER RELEASE FROM THE PARENT CRAFT: A pilot operating his M.S.C. on the surface, his motor giving him a speed of 3½ knots. These canoes were carried in submarines or on the decks of motor torpedo-boats, being launched out on their own when approaching the scene of operations**

**WHAT THE CANOEMAN WEARS:** The pilot in his waterproof suit with oxygen apparatus strapped to his chest. He has sufficient oxygen for normal operations covering a period of twelve hours

As the war drew to a close the Navy had an increasing number of important ancillary services, and the operations of the "frogmen," who swam in and examined the underwater defences on the Normandy coast, and of the human torpedo, a two-man submersible craft which carried a detachable warhead which could be placed limpet-like on enemy shipping, are already well known. Now comes news of the M.S.C., the Motorised Submersible Canoe. In many ways this closely resembles the human torpedo, being driven by an electric motor and having a pilot in an open cockpit but completely encased in a diving suit. The M.S.C. is a rather flimsier craft, however, than the human torpedo, and it was largely carried in submarines and on the decks of motor torpedo-boats. Under cover of darkness the pilots would be launched out in their craft when a few miles from a selected enemy harbour, and it would be their task to pass the boom defences and carry out acts of sabotage




**A DANGER POINT IN THE BALKANS—WHERE YUGOSLAVIA, BULGARIA AND THE MACEDONIAN PROVINCE OF GREECE COME FACE TO FACE : A diagrammatic sketch showing the area north of Salonika, where the Greek Regular Army has been attempting to subdue the Left Wing guerillas operating in the mountainous country along the frontiers. It has been found that these guerillas have frequently retreated into Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to avoid pursuit, and at the end of December the Greek commander at Seres protested regarding this matter to the Bulgarian border authorities at Nevrokop**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

*A Foreign Survey*

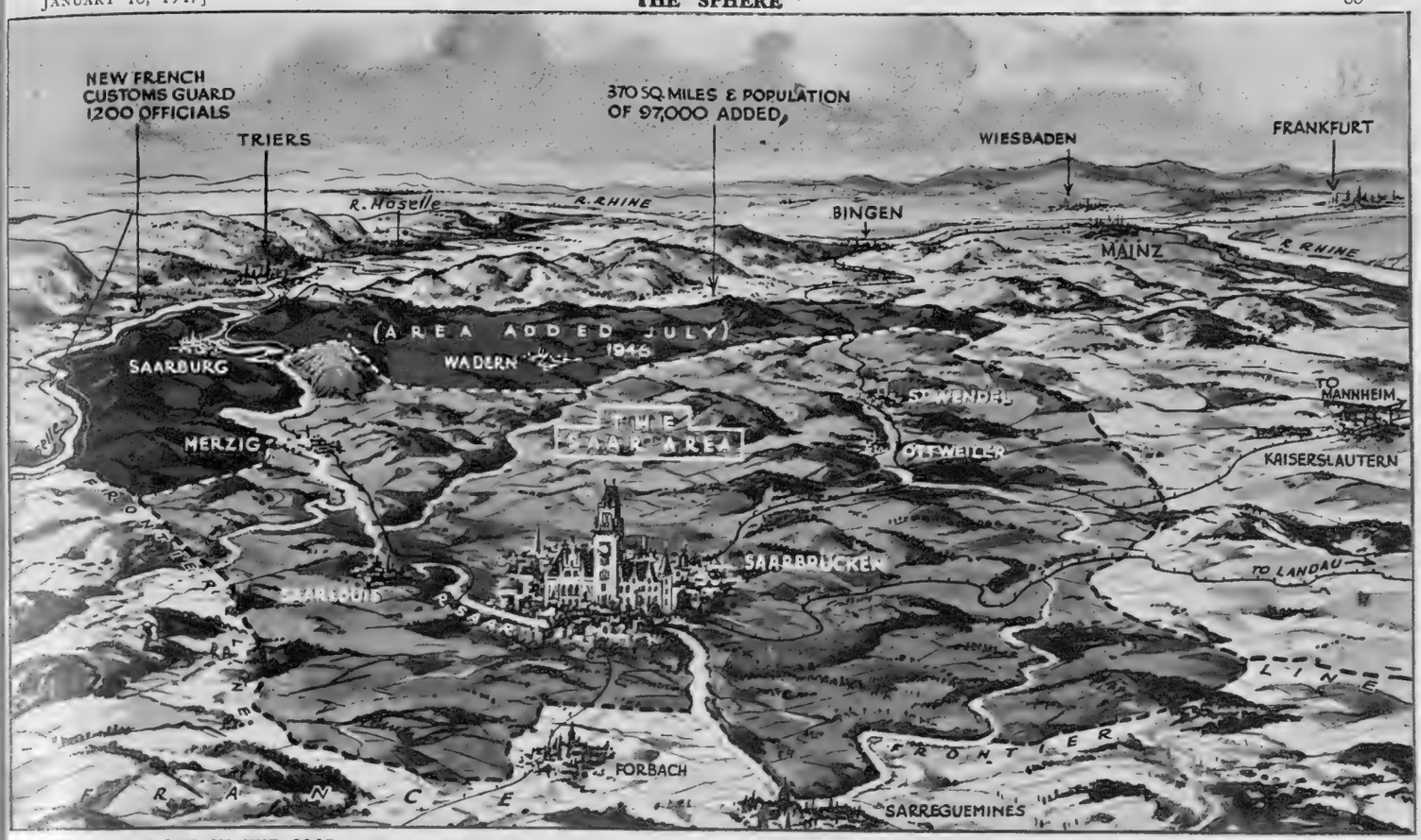
# THE GREEK GUERILLA STRUGGLE

France and the Saar: America Draws Oil from the Middle East: The Japanese Earthquake

**A TYPICAL LEFT WING GUERILLA COMMANDER OPERATING IN NORTHERN GREECE : Nikitos, who is with the partisan forces in the Mount Kaimakchalan area, writing a message for despatch to a neighbouring unit. He is a veteran of four years of mountain fighting against Germans, Italians and Bulgarians. Now he is fighting the Greek Royalist Army.** It is believed that the Left Wing forces in Northern Greece now number about 7,000, and of these three-quarters are probably pressed men. The remaining quarter form a solid corps of well-trained men skilled in the art of guerilla fighting, and there is evidence to show that they have received marked help from across the border in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. Most Greeks in the Northern Provinces believe that the Greek Communist Party is behind the whole movement

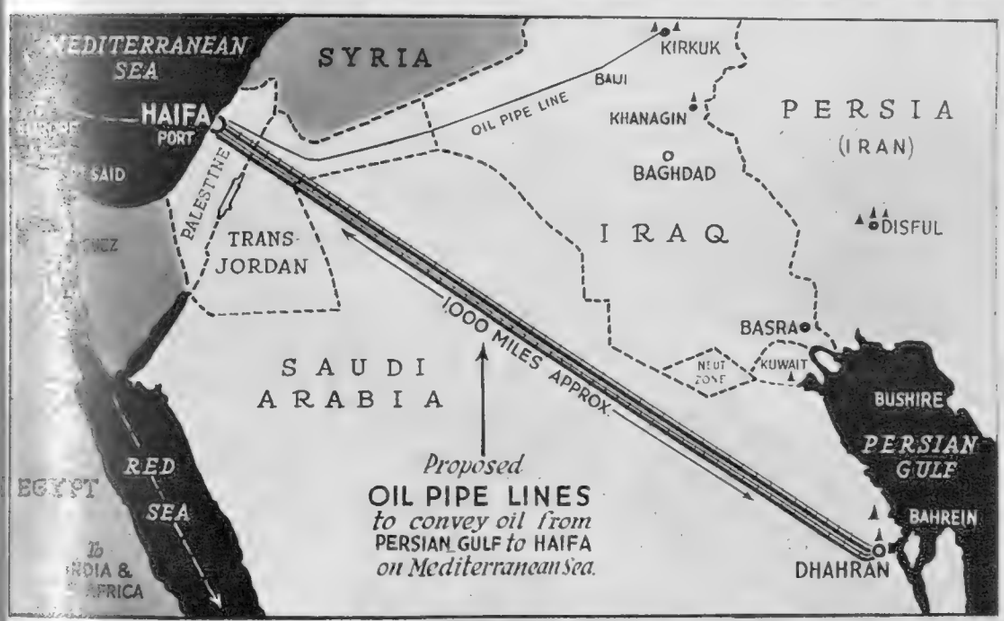
**THEY FOUGHT THE GERMANS, NOW THEY FIGHT THE GREEK ROYALIST ARMY : Two young women guerillas who are now operating in Northern Greece.** The girl on the left, armed with a Schmeisser sub-machine gun, which she captured from the Germans, has been a guerilla since 1941, when she was only fifteen. The other girl, now aged twenty, joined the partisans in 1942 and has been in the mountains ever since, except for a brief interval just after the Germans left. These girls are typical of the more determined elements in the movement, and are fighting wholly of their own free will

For many months past strongly-armed Left Wing guerilla forces have been operating in the far North of Greece, particularly in the Macedonian area abutting upon Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. The exact purpose of these operations was at first doubtful, but later the pattern of the guerilla strategy began to be revealed, and it became apparent that the guerillas were attempting to create a free zone and trying to set at naught the influence of the Athens Central Government, acting no doubt as the conscious instruments in a much wider policy. Since then the Greek Government has acted swiftly, and Greek Regular troops have been despatched to Macedonia, where they have conducted a comparatively successful campaign. They have been finding, however, that the guerillas have been seeking sanctuary from time to time both on Yugoslavian and Bulgarian soil, thus escaping almost certain capture. On December 26 matters came to a head when the officer commanding the 27th Brigade in the 7th Division of the Greek Army at Drama, 25 miles from the Bulgarian border, declared that should guerillas under pressure from his forces be permitted to retreat on to Bulgarian soil he would be compelled to continue "pursuing them." It was hoped that this very direct hint to the Bulgarians would have the desired effect



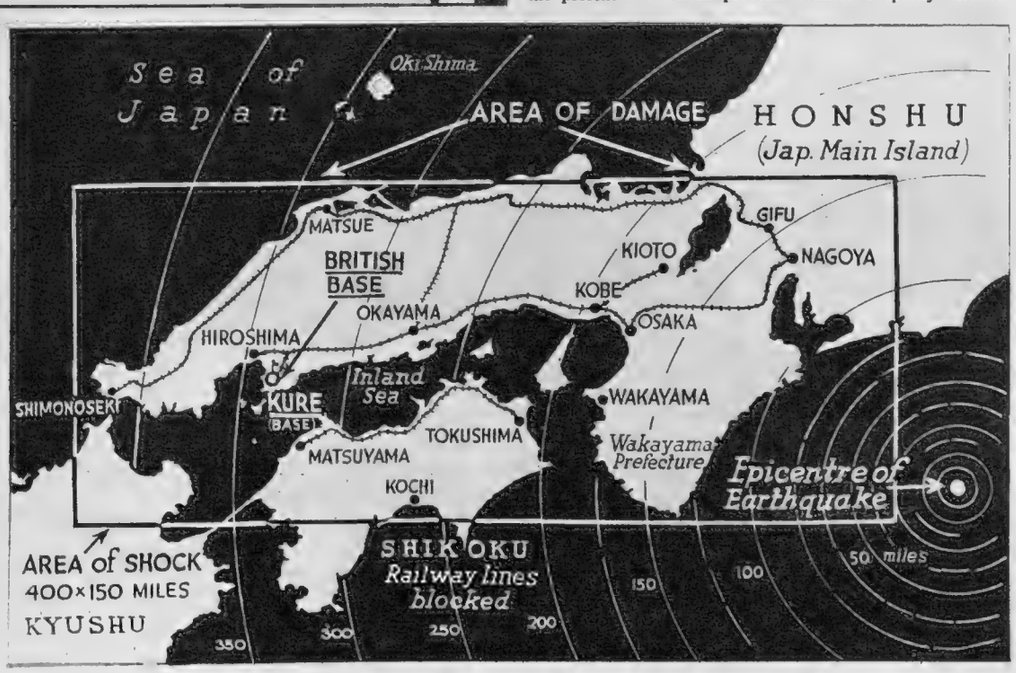

**THE FRENCH ACTION IN THE SAAR—A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH SHOWING THE AREA WHICH GENERAL KOENIG HAS TAKEN UNDER CUSTOMS CONTROL AND THUS CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE FRENCH ZONE OF GERMANY: It will be seen that this area also includes the Wadern and Saarburg districts in the north, and some commentators are of the opinion that this essentially German area should not have been included in the French ordinances**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The French contend that their action in establishing French Customs Control along the border between the Saar and the neighbouring areas in the French Zone of Occupation in Germany in no way alters the status of the Saar territory, and that it has been done solely in order to prevent food being smuggled from the Saar into other parts of the French Zone. The miners of the Saar are much better fed than the other Germans under French control, this being a deliberate policy to stimulate production, but lately this extra food has been finding its way through Black Market channels, thus defeating the purpose for which it was intended. The Customs Control will stop this irregular traffic, but, at the same time, there is no gainsaying the fact that it also brings nearer the day when the French will bring the Saar into economic union with France. Whether the northern areas of Wadern and Saarburg, more essentially German, will receive special treatment is a matter which the United Nations will have to consider




**BIG PLANS IN THE MIDDLE-EASTERN OIL AREA: A sketch-map showing the approximate course of the two parallel pipe-lines which are to be built from the Persian Gulf area to the Palestinian port of Haifa. The lines will be 1,000 miles long and they will each cost about £31,000,000. It is possible that much of the material will be provided by American steel mills, the British mills having a present maximum output of three miles of 16½-in. piping per day**

*On left*—America's home output of oil is falling and, as a result, two big deals have recently been completed, whereby the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and Socony's will obtain crude oil for the next twenty years from the Anglo-Iranian Company, and they will also have an interest in the Arabian American Oil Company. To bring this oil to the Mediterranean two pipe-lines will probably be built, and American tankers will load up at Haifa instead of making the Red Sea journey to the Persian Gulf. The oil-line from the Kirkuk fields in Iraq also converges at Haifa, and it seems that the port is facing an important commercial future, providing, of course, the present Palestinian problem reaches a speedy solution




*On right*—**THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE WHICH WAS NEARLY A LARGE-SCALE DISASTER: A sketch-map showing the area affected in the recent quake which shook Central Japan, when 680 people lost their lives and about 17,000 houses were destroyed or damaged.** It will be seen that the epicentre of the earthquake was 100 miles out in the Pacific Ocean, and this, of course, greatly minimised the damage on the Japanese mainland. The initial damage caused by the earthquake shocks was followed by widespread fires in many towns and cities, particularly in Wakayama Prefecture, and on the island of Shikoku, where railway lines were blocked. At the same time tidal waves 7 ft. high swept inland, causing much damage in Honshu, where the British Commonwealth Occupation Force is stationed. The earthquake is described as five-sixths as severe as that which shook Japan in 1923. British troops are reported to have suffered few casualties, and they have been working as rescue squads both in Shikoku and in the region of Kure. The American forces rushed medical supplies and clothing from Tokyo to the devastated areas

# IN THE WAKE OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE

## The Disaster in Honshu, and Other News Pictures from Overseas

**A WALL OF FLAME RISING FROM THE CITY OF SHINGU: As the fire which followed the Japanese earthquake enveloped their homes the people crowded down on to the water's edge to escape the heat.** This picture is one of many typifying the seriousness of the recent earthquake disaster which destroyed or damaged about 17,000 homes and has devastated a wide area of Central Japan. The south side of the city of Shingu is reported to have been razed by fire, while other towns and cities suffered from 7-ft. tidal waves. The epicentre of the earthquake was 100 miles out in the Pacific

**A PLAYTHING OF THE WAVES: An inter-island boat, which was caught up by the tidal waves started by the earthquake and knifed its way through the side of a house. This picture was taken at Shimizu, an important tea-growing centre situated on Suruga Bay**

In the Tuscarora Deep, where vast geological forces are so often at work, a section of the ocean floor gave way on December 21, and, as a result, Central Japan sustained the most serious earthquake disaster since 1923. 7-ft.-high waves raced from the epicentre of the 'quake, thundered up the funnel neck of Kii Strait, and dealt cities, towns and villages a series of shattering blows. These pictures, which have lately arrived from the scene of the disaster, supplement the radio pictures published in THE SPHERE of January 4, and give some idea of the immensity of the havoc. Only the direction of the wind saved Shingu from complete destruction. One British soldier is known to have died in the earthquake, but, on the whole, the Commonwealth forces were fortunate when it is considered that the Camerons are stationed at Kochi and the Royal Welch Fusiliers at Tokushima, both towns in the stricken central area. These troops have played a large part in the rescue work. A map of the affected districts will be found on page 83 of this issue

**AFTER THE TIDAL WAVE STRUCK SHINJO: Men working among the wreckage of shattered homes in this coastal village of Southern Wakayama Prefecture.** As the 7-ft. tidal wave roared in from the Pacific it carried all before it, and when the village roll was called on the next day it was found that twenty were dead and four others missing

**A BOAT RETURNS TO THE SEA: Men and boys at Kainan, Wakayama Prefecture, engaged in pushing a fishing-craft through one of the narrow streets of the city.** The boat had been caught by the tidal wave and thrown high and dry many hundreds of yards inland. Kainan was one of the hardest hit centres in the earthquake zone. One side of a main street was entirely demolished by the first wave, and as people struggled in the swirling waters the sea returned again and again

**A PRINCESS LOSES HER TITLE : Princess Irene, Russian-born wife of Prince Peter of Greece, seen on arrival at La Guardia Airport, New York.** Since her arrival she is reported to have made statements to the effect that British troops should be withdrawn from Greece. In consequence the Greek Government in Athens has formally deprived her of her title. Her husband, Prince Peter, is a grandson of King Constantine

**A DAY OF CELEBRATION IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA : A contrast to the tragic events of the past few months in Bengal.** Guarded by five Sikhs with drawn swords, the Holy Book of the Sikhs was taken through the streets on a decorated float and at the head of a mile-long procession comprising more than 5,000 men, women and children. The ceremony was in honour of the birthday of Guru Govind Singh, the Grand Sahib. The Sikhs have a very special importance in the Indian community to-day, as Sikhism owes its foundations in the fifteenth century to Nanak, who envisaged a monotheistic reform designed to embrace Hindu and Muhammadan in one brotherhood. To-day there are several millions of Sikhs in India, particularly in the Punjab, and they have a proportionate stake in Mr. Nehru's present Interim Government

**URGING AN ASIATIC COMMONWEALTH : Pandit Nehru, Vice-President of India's Interim Government, and General Aung San, Vice-Chairman of Burma's Executive Council, seen together at New Delhi.** During the General's stay he discussed with Mr. Nehru the withdrawal from Burma of foreign troops, the majority of whom happen to be Indian. Both of them addressed the All-India Congress Committee, calling for the creation of an Asiatic Commonwealth. Last week General Aung San journeyed on to London for talks with the British Government

**LABOUR TROUBLES SPREAD IN SOUTHERN ITALY :** *On left and right*—**Demonstrators gathering in force outside the Town Hall in Bari, when they met to protest against high prices and the absence of unemployment pay. About 3,000 men and women tried to invade the Town Hall and set fire to it, and in the subsequent clash with the police one man was killed and twenty-five were injured.** In the end, the rioting spread throughout the city, the demonstrators paying particular attention to the Black Market shops, which are such a cause of bitter grievance. In the days immediately following, armoured cars patrolled the streets to prevent a recurrence of the episode

**HE ACCEPTS THE 5 PER CENT. REDUCTION : A Paris beggar holding out a card proclaiming that he is willing to co-operate with the Government**

**BY GOVERNMENT DECREE PRICES ARE 5 PER CENT. DOWN IN THE SHOPS OF FRANCE : A Paris hatter's (*left*) and an electrical goods store (*right*) advertising the new reductions which have been brought about by M. Blum's Socialist administration as a first step in the attempt to check the rising cost of living.** The Premier's initiative has been acclaimed on all sides, and retailers have up to now loyally co-operated in making the new prices. In order to ensure that the reductions are felt throughout the community, wholesalers are ordered to reduce prices by 2 per cent.

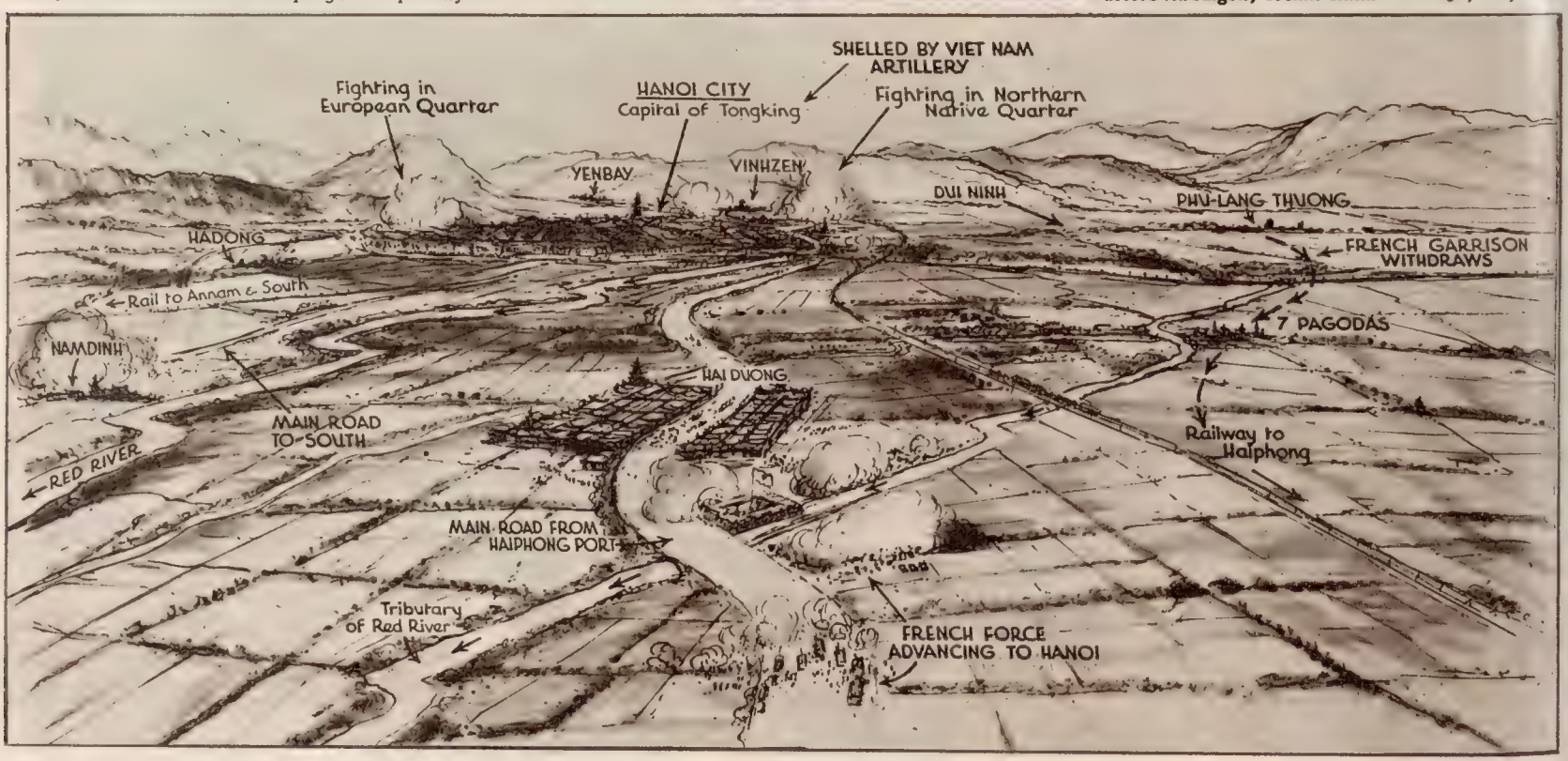
**THE FRENCH GARRISON IS HARD PRESSED AT HUE: An artist's impression of the scene as supporters of the Viet Nam Republic stormed the citadel in the Annamese capital, Indo-China. This was one of a number of well-planned and carefully concerted attacks which marked the latest rising against the French, both in Annam and Tongking. The fighting reached its peak at Hanoi, where the French were almost surrounded by the Viet Minh partisans**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

# THE STRUGGLE IN INDO-CHINA

## The French Garrisons at Hue and Hanoi Resist the Republican Partisans of Viet Nam

In March 1946 the Republic of France recognised the Indo-Chinese Republic of Viet Nam, a new State to be created from the French colonial territories of Annam and Tongking. It was a significant move, bringing to an end the fighting which followed the Japanese capitulation and in which the native resistance movements sought to achieve their own independence. The French Army under General Leclerc was able to go back into garrison, and at a subsequent conference plans were put on foot to make Viet Nam a free State with its own Government, Parliament, Army and finances. Since then, however, the French declare that the supporters of Viet Nam, not content with all they have won, have sought to overawe the neighbouring States of Cochin China, Cambodia and Laos into accepting their supremacy in the projected Indo-Chinese Federation. In turn, the Viet Minh leaders assert that Admiral D'Argenlieu, the French High Commissioner, had no right to proclaim Cochin China a separate Republic until a plebiscite had shown the desires of the people. In November the matter had reached political deadlock, and it was then that Viêt Nam resorted to force, making a concerted attack on all the leading garrisons in French Indo-China. Fighting was at its fiercest in Hanoi, where the French were cut off from their base at Haiphong, and the Viet Namites, well armed with weapons seized from the Japanese and also weapons of their own making, took the offensive. With two batteries of 75 mm. artillery they shelled the city of Hanoi, inflicting heavy casualties, and in some places the French were distinctly hard pressed

*Below*—**THE FIGHTING IN THE FAR NORTH OF INDO-CHINA: A diagrammatic sketch showing the road from Haiphong to Hanoi which was cut by the Republican partisans towards the end of November, thus leaving the French garrison at Hanoi isolated from their main sea base. During November, December and early January fierce fighting has taken place in the region of Hanoi, and the French have attempted to hold out until seaborne reinforcements from France should arrive via Saigon, Cochin China**—*Drawing by Percy Home*



# THE SAKKARA TOMB DISCOVERY

## First Pictures of the First Dynasty Burial Chamber, Possibly that of Queen Merneith, which has been Brought to Light Near Giza

Consult almost any work on Egyptology, any guide-book, or dictionary, and Abydos is always noted as the burial-place of the Kings and Queens of the First Dynasty. Until 1936 this was an accepted fact; but in that year Mr. Walter Emery reopened the excavations at Sakkara, discovering the great tomb of Hemaka. Subsequent work tended to confirm his view that Sakkara was the true burial-place of the First Dynasty rulers, and that the so-called tombs at Abydos, for all their magnificence, are really only cenotaphs. The latest discovery of a tomb attributed to Queen Merneith, wife of Zer, Second King of the First Dynasty, is further valuable evidence of what Mr. Emery has so ably established, and which is now widely accepted by Egyptologists. These Sakkara finds have shown how meagre and insubstantial was our knowledge of the First Dynasty, which lasted from 3200 B.C. to 2270 B.C., and, in the light of them, there is no doubt that the history of the origin of Pharaonic Egypt will have to be rewritten. Even, at that remote time, it seems, the arts were by no means in their infancy. This latest tomb discovery was announced in November, and although Mr. Emery and his fellow-workers are not able to say for certain if it is the tomb of Queen Merneith, the evidence is reasonably conclusive. Further pictures are awaited with the keenest interest

**THE EAST FAÇADE OF THE TOMB AREA AT SAKKARA:** It is here that Mr. Walter B. Emery, the British archæologist, has brought to light a tomb of the First Dynasty, probably that of Queen Merneith. As is so often the case, the contents of the burial chamber have been almost entirely destroyed by tomb robbers, who plundered the chamber, probably within 100 years of the burial, and then fired it. The charred remains of a wooden coffin have been found, and within it are the burnt fragments of the bones of the occupant. The sarcophagus seen in the left centre of this picture was probably buried during the period when Egypt was under Greek rule

**ARE THESE THE REAL BURIAL-PLACES OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE FIRST DYNASTY?** A general view of the tomb area at Sakkara, where the discoveries of Mr. Walter Emery since 1936, when he found the great tomb of Hemaka, indicate that Sakkara and not Abydos is the true cemetery. The so-called tombs at Abydos, it is now believed, are mere cenotaphs, and in the past their importance has been overrated

**THE GRAVE OF A SACRIFICED SLAVE:** This stands outside the tomb attributed to Queen Merneith, and the pottery jars beside the skeleton undoubtedly contained food and wine for the slave's use

*On right*—**EVIDENCE FROM THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER:** Some of these wine vases have clay seals bearing the names of Queen Merneith and of her husband Zer. Unfortunately the inscriptions on similar, but more important, jars surrounding the "Queen's" coffin are illegible, the seals having been burnt by the heat when the robbers fired the tomb about 100 years after the burial. Even so, the known facts are fairly conclusive, and the additional fact that on the north side of the mastaba the excavators found a boat-grave is another proof of royal ownership, for according to most Egyptologists only kings and queens were provided with solar barks among their funerary equipment

*The March of Science*

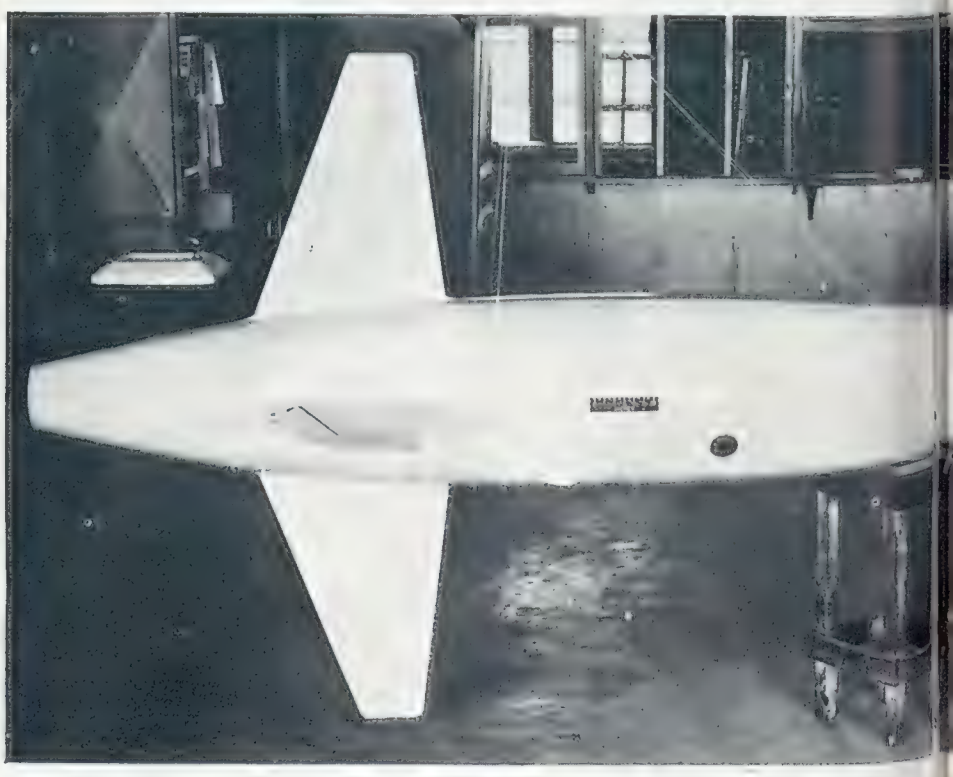
# NEW LIGHT on the MILKY WAY

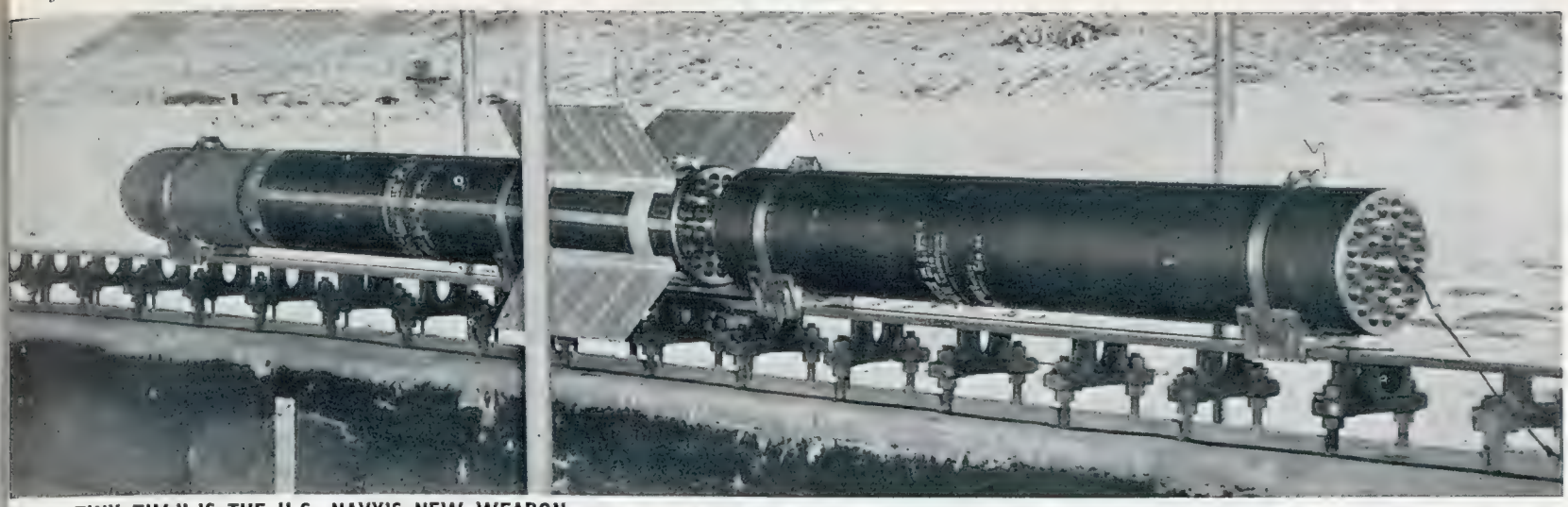
## Astronomers Use Infra-red to Penetrate Still Further Into Cosmic Space

**NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER : The irregular nebulosity, Messier 16, in the southern area of the Milky Way, or Galaxy, as seen by the telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory, California. As a result of the development of new highly-sensitised photo-electric cells, which can convert the faint light of distant stars into electrical impulses, it is now considered possible that remote nebulæ will come within the realm of active astronomical research. At a recent meeting in Boston of the American Association for the Advancement of Science the new system was discussed in detail**

**THE MILKY WAY SEEN THROUGH A CAMERA LENS OF 400-MM. APERTURE : This lens was developed before the war by a Jena scientist, but even this recording will pale into insignificance compared with the latest developments achieved with infra-red**

**AN AMERICAN MOUNTAIN-TOP OBSERVATORY STUDIES THE REMOTE NEBULAE : An artist's impression of one of the great telescopes making a deep penetration into cosmic space, using special photo-electric cell equipment. The announcement of the discovery of this new system was made recently in Boston by Dr. E. A. Whitford, of the University of Wisconsin, who reported that a great part of the infra-red spectrum of stars, long neglected because there had been no sufficiently sensitive detectors of radiation, can now be studied with the aid of a lead-sulphide photo-conductive cell developed during the war at the North-Western University.** This cell, he says, is sensitive out to a region whose wavelength is five or six times that of yellow light and two or three times that of useful infra-red photographic plates. Infra-red light, declared Dr. Whitford, has already been used to see the dim outlines of a distant nucleus which, though known for many years to exist, has always been invisible because of the inter-stellar dust-clouds that blot out the ordinary light emitted by it. A lead-sulphide cell is sensitive to light of still greater penetrating power, and so may permit the "sight" of hidden details of the Milky Way—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*





**THE "TINY TIM" IS THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW WEAPON—THE 11·75-IN. ROCKET, WITH A BOOSTER ROCKET BEHIND IT, READY TO BE LAUNCHED AT THE NAVAL TESTING STATION, INYOKERN, CALIFORNIA: When it leaves the 300-yard launching rail it will attain a maximum speed of 1,000 m.p.h.**

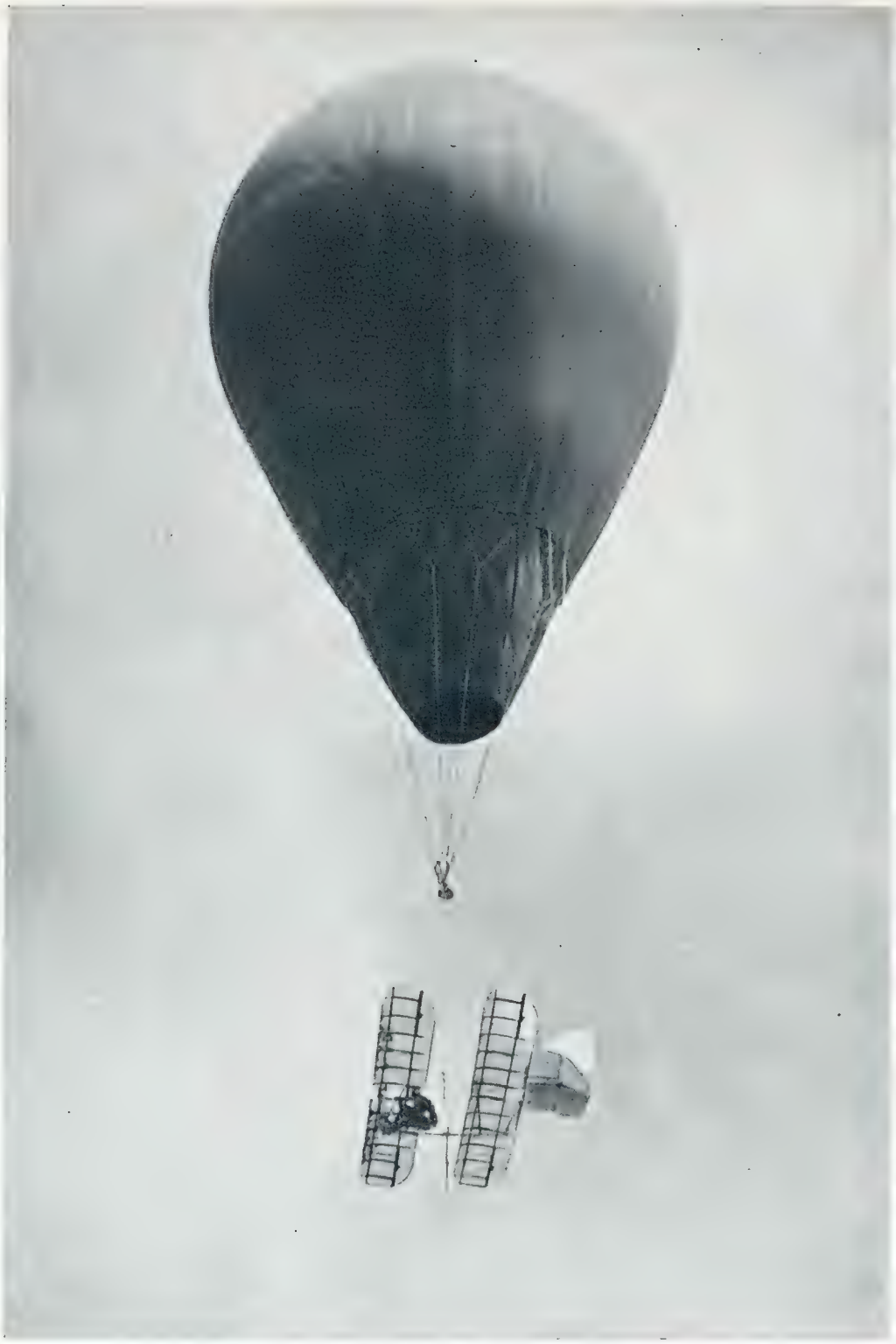
At the hitherto highly secret Naval Testing Station deep in the desert at Inyokern, California, U.S. naval scientists, with the help of German technicians, are now investigating the advanced problems of rocket development. One of their most formidable rockets is the 11·75-in. "Tiny Tim," which, as shown in THE SPHERE of January 11, is capable of piercing a 3-in. armour-plate target, exploding immediately after penetrating the metal. An even more formidable model is the 14-in. "Big Dick." These rockets are intended essentially for use in combat, and it is expected that "Tiny Tim" will become part of the equipment of the Navy's medium bombers. The United States Navy, like the U.S. Army, is now making use of the best brains in the field of rocket research, but only some of the secrets of Inyokern are at present being revealed to the Press and to the general public

**A U.S. NAVAL FIGHTER LAUNCHES ITS FIRST "TINY TIM": Another picture taken at the Naval Testing Station at Inyokern, California, showing the plane balanced in a test rig as the rocket was launched from beneath the fuselage. This is one of a series of experiments held to find out what plane stands up best to conditions set up by an 11·75-in. rocket**

## "TINY TIM" and "TIAMAT"
### America's New Rocket and New Research Missile

*On left*—**THIS IS "TIAMAT": This rocket-powered and guided missile was recently launched from Langley Field, Virginia (see "The Sphere" of January 11), in a series of experiments carried out on behalf of the U.S. Aeronautics Laboratory. "Tiamat," named after a goddess celebrated in Babylonian-Assyrian mythology, is 14 ft. long, weighs about 600 lbs. and is capable of a speed of 600 m.p.h. It is the first guided missile to be flown through a predetermined programme of manœuvres. As "Tiamat's" purpose is research it is loaded with instruments which record speed, the degree of roll and the rate of acceleration. These data are transmitted to the ground by radio during the course of flight. The first flight from Langley Field was perfectly successful, but watching engineers and scientists breathed a sigh of relief as it soared skywards from the launching site**

*Below*—**A TEST DROP WITH "TINY TIM": A dummy model of the U.S. Navy's 11·75-in. rocket being launched from a medium bomber in the district near the testing station at Inyokern**



**A LITTLE-KNOWN PIONEERING ACHIEVEMENT IS RECORDED FOR THE SCREEN : Dan Mahoney is carried aloft by balloon before his twenty-two-minutes flight. A scene from the Columbia Picture "Gallant Journey," which has just been completed in Hollywood and is about to be released in London.** The film tells the story of the dramatic events leading up to and following the first controlled winged flight made in August 1883 by the American, John J. Montgomery. The flight depicted above was made a few years later when Montgomery's friend, the dare-devil balloon parachutist, Dan Mahoney, allowed himself to be taken in Montgomery's latest twin-wing glider to a height of 4,000 ft. Mahoney then cut loose, and in a daring twenty-two-minute flight, succeeded in bringing the plane to earth. Nearly all Montgomery's major flights and Mahoney's are depicted in the film, and Columbia Pictures have endeavoured to make it authentic in every detail

**AN OLD KITE IS RESURRECTED FOR THE FILM "GALLANT JOURNEY" : A glider of 1911 vintage being tried out in a Californian valley as a prelude to the shooting of the first sequences in the Columbia film.** Paul Tuntland, a twenty-four-year-old glider expert, tested out the machine and he is seen a few seconds after the take-off. It was at Otay Mesa in California that Montgomery carried out his first experiments, starting in the '80's of the last century, and it is now recognised that he was one of the real pioneers of modern flight

**THE DEATH OF JOHN MONTGOMERY : This is the climax of the film, when the inventor, having soared on a perfect flight, is overcome by vertigo, loses control and crashes.** This happened in 1911 and Montgomery was flying his latest single-wing plane. This was seven or eight years after Wilbur and Orville Wright flew a powered machine, but Montgomery was first in the field, as his original effort in 1883 marks him out clearly as the man who made the first controlled winged flight. The film *Gallant Journey* records the last moments of Montgomery, who died in his wife's arms, saying : "No man travels twice the Great Highway, which leads through darkness into light, through night to day"

THE "SANTA CLARA II" GOES INTO ACTION—JOHN J. MONTGOMERY'S 1907 MODEL, A BIPLANE WITH WINGS SET IN SLANTWISE FORMATION, SOARING ABOVE THE CALIFORNIAN COUNTRYSIDE: Columbia Pictures have attempted to make the film authentic in every detail, and the producer, Director William Wellmann, has unearthed sworn affidavits from persons who saw Montgomery make his first flight in 1883. Montgomery's widow was a constant visitor to the studio during the filming. In the 1907 model depicted above, the large tail-controls were devised by Montgomery to overcome the difficulty of tail spin

# THE FIRST MAN TO FLY

## Hollywood Makes a Film Record of the Life of John Montgomery, who Made a Controlled Winged Flight in 1883

The question of who was the first man to fly may never be answered to universal satisfaction, but it is quite certain that John Montgomery, the neglected, almost forgotten pioneer, made controlled winged flights in his glider in August 1883 from the Californian hill country at Otay Mesa. Montgomery was a Californian, hailing from San Diego, and in their new film *Gallant Journey*, Columbia Pictures, who have gone to much trouble to obtain the authentic facts, pay a tribute to his pioneering genius. Montgomery's was a dramatic story, not the least part of it being the devoted support he received from his wife, and the film takes us from 1879 when at the age of nineteen he watched seagulls above the beach at San Francisco, noting their movements in flight, to the tragic day in 1911 when, overcome by vertigo, he crashed to the ground at the end of a successful journey in his near-perfect monoplane. Among American aviators Montgomery was certainly one of the first in the field, for it was not until 1900 that the more celebrated Wright Brothers emerged. Subsequently their success was spectacular, and it seems to have dwarfed entirely the achievements of Montgomery. John Montgomery's brother James is still alive, and together with Mrs. Cleary Montgomery, the pioneer's widow, gave valuable help to the makers of the film

THE END OF DAN MAHONEY'S TWIN-WING GLIDER FLIGHT: Montgomery's friend brings to earth one of the inventor's early models, which he flew in controlled flight from 4,000 ft. after cutting adrift from a balloon. The plane remained in the air twenty-two minutes, triumphantly demonstrating the success of Montgomery's design, but success brought the pioneer no wealth and little recognition. Meanwhile the Wright Brothers were pursuing the same line on the Carolina dunes

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TEST CRICKET : A spectator, with his shirt adrift and breathing good cheer, advances across the field of play to shake hands with Wally Hammond, the English skipper. After cajolery had failed, force had to be applied in order to persuade him to leave the field

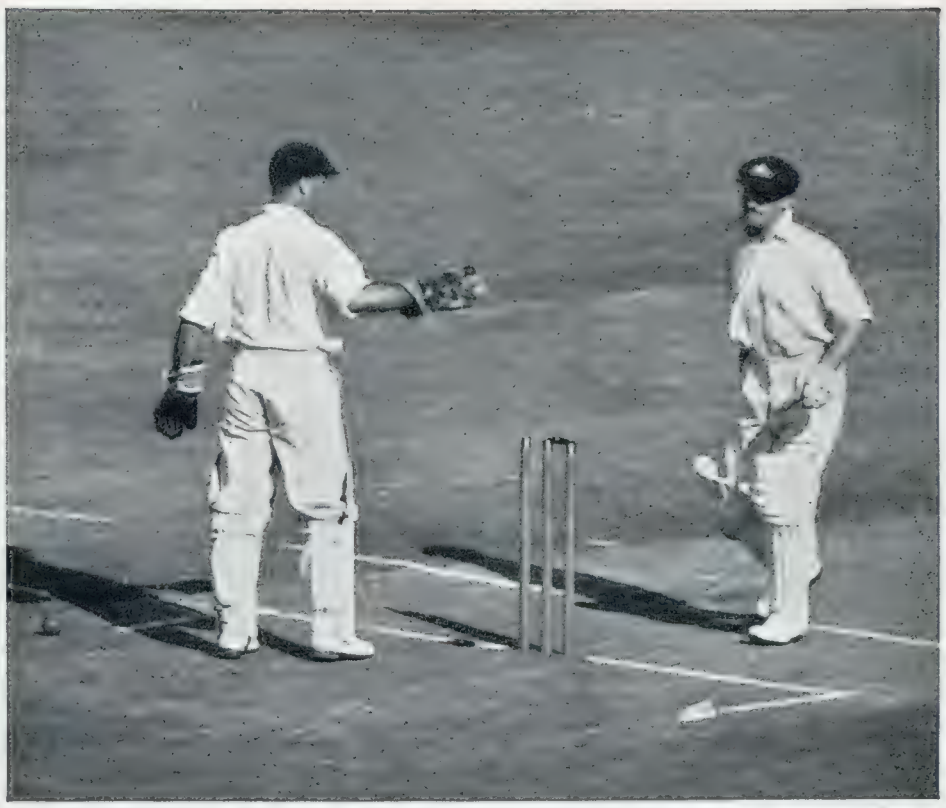
THE INTRUDER IS FIRMLY EJECTED : The spectator who had invaded the field of play to shake hands with Hammond, and anybody else he might encounter, was eventually tackled by one of the umpires and, held in a strong grip, he was led protesting from the field. Meanwhile the Melbourne crowd, ever-eager for any diversion, encouraged the umpire and the miscreant with derisive shouts

# FIRST DAY of the THIRD TEST

## When Victory Over Australia Seemed Almost Within Sight

The third Test Match at Melbourne was not played in the happiest possible atmosphere owing to the disputed lbw. decisions and the subsequent uproar in the Australian and British Daily Press; but the rival captains, both men of tact with a sense of humour and proportion, wisely held their counsel, and the same umpires were accordingly reappointed for the fourth match at Adelaide. The pictures on these pages record the first day of the third Test when Australia, winning the toss, went in to bat on an easy wicket and soon found themselves 6 wickets down for 192 runs. At that stage England was definitely on top, as she was on several other occasions before her final struggle to achieve a draw. The man of the match was clearly Yardley, the vice-captain, with Edrich running him a close second, and there is no doubt about it that the performances of these two players have captured the imagination of the Australian public. Injuries marred the opening day's play, and when Edrich was hit by a ball when fielding close in and had to leave the field, and Voce strained a muscle, England was robbed of two aggressive pace bowlers. Voce took little further part in the match, his place being, in a measure, taken by Yardley, who delivered about forty overs in the two innings

THE FALL OF TWO AUSTRALIAN WICKETS : *Left*—Johnson, the Australian bowler, is given out lbw. for 0 off Yardley's bowling. Johnson also scored a "duck" in the second innings, and now joins the celebrated band of players who have achieved a "pair of spectacles" in a Test Match. Earlier in the first innings Yardley accounted for Bradman yet again, and he proved himself one of the outstanding successes of the match, both with bat and ball. *Right*—Miller, perhaps the merriest of the Australian batsmen, being caught high up on the off-side by Evans, England's brilliant wicket-keeper. At that stage Miller had compiled 33



**BRADMAN WAS BRIGHT AND SUBDUED BY TURNS IN SCORING A USEFUL 79 :** The Australian captain (*left*) making one of his celebrated shots to leg, the most powerful weapon in his armoury, during an innings in which he never quite mastered the bowling and when Australia was facing an uphill task after an indifferent start. *Right*—The end of Bradman's innings, when he played a ball from Yardley on to his wicket. In the second innings Bradman was caught and bowled by Yardley, and there is no doubt that the Yorkshireman is distinctly menacing on these Australian wickets. He now heads the Test Match bowling averages

**HAMMOND MADE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS :** The English captain takes a two-handed catch to dismiss Hassett off Wright's bowling. Hassett never shaped well, and neither at Sydney nor Melbourne did he manage to repeat the form he exhibited in the first Test at Brisbane, where he scored a patient 128. Hassett can be a carefree batsman, but these days he has developed much of Woodfull's stolidity

**YARDLEY AT THE POPPING CREASE :** England's vice-captain bowling during the Australian first innings, in which he took two wickets for fifty runs and bowled twenty overs, thus keeping the score down at a time when the Australians might have taken advantage of an easy wicket. On the last day of the match he was mobbed by enthusiasts as he left the field

**THERE WERE CASUALTIES ON THE OPENING DAY :** *Left*—Bill Edrich is laid low by a ball hit by Barnes off Wright's bowling. Edrich continued to field, but ten minutes later collapsed and he was absent for the rest of the first day. When he returned he scored an enterprising 89. *Right*—The players crowding round Barnes after he had been hit on the arm by a ball from Bedser. Barnes made 45 in the first innings and was lbw. to Bedser. He stands second in the Australian Test averages, largely on the strength of a notable 234 made in the match at Sydney. Some critics say that he is too venturesome

"THE VISION" APPEARS TO THE MEN OF LONDON: This is one of the dramatic moments in the Nativity play which was presented last week at St. Peter's-upon-Cornhill, a church which stands on the earliest consecrated ground in England. The play, written by Geoffrey Edwards, a Chelsea sculptor, tells the story of the church, introducing the legendary founder, King Lucius, Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Laud and Sir Christopher Wren. The penultimate performance on Thursday of last week was attended by the Lord Mayor of London. Proceeds will go to the Bishop of London's Church Reconstruction Fund

ST. PETER APPEARS IN THE PULPIT OF ST. PETER'S-UPON-CORNHILL: The part of the Saint was taken by James Lasbrey, who carries in his left hand the keys of the kingdom

# A NATIVITY PLAY IN A CITY CHURCH

## "Unto Us the Heritage," Presented at St. Peter's, Cornhill

In modern times the living theatre has returned to the church, where in medieval times it flourished so exceedingly, and to-day it is playing a vital part in the post-war religious revival. The latest example is the nativity play staged at St. Peter's-upon-Cornhill, one of the survivals of the blitz, in aid of churches which were hit, and as a result of last week's presentation of *Unto Us the Heritage*, the Bishop of London's Church Reconstruction Fund will benefit considerably. Among the members of the cast at St. Peter's were a bank manager, a company secretary, an artist and several soldier actors, and the play deals with the story of St. Peter's since Lucius was baptised there in the second century. St. Peter's remained the Metropolitan Church of the land until the coming of St. Augustine, 400 years later. The present church was built by Wren

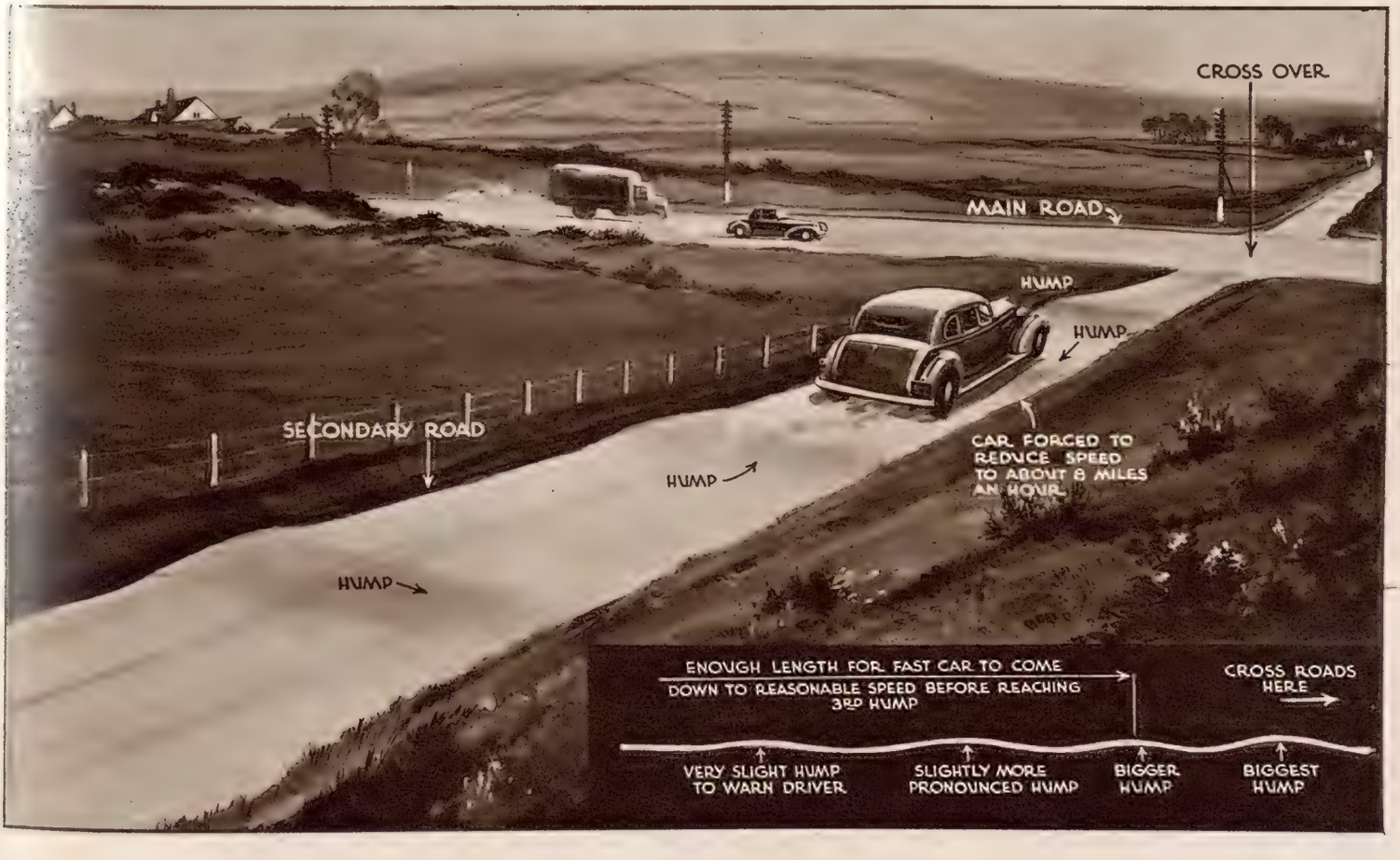
THE VISION APPEARS: The Virgin Mother and her child in the pulpit of St. Peter's during the presentation of "Unto Us the Heritage." The part of Mary was taken by Mariot Aschan

**WHY THE POST-WAR MODELS ARE SAFER: A drawing showing the greater visibility, increased acceleration and improved suspension of the post-war car. All are factors that make for greater safety, although it will be some considerable time before sufficient new cars are on the roads to produce any substantial reduction in road accidents**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

## DANGER SPOTS AND SAFETY DEVICES

The increasing toll of road accidents is again very much in the forefront of the news. Space is bought regularly in the Press and on the hoardings to urge pedestrians, cyclists and motorists to "Keep Death Off the Roads." Most can be done by individual road users, but a great deal may be gained by improved car design and road systems. Some of the features of new car design are illustrated above. These do not, of course, apply to all types, and, in any case, it will be some time before motorists can obtain delivery of the new models. Below is a suggested idea that has been made for slowing down traffic approaching main roads. The waves in the secondary road increase as the crossing is reached, so that the fast driver has ample warning before reaching the highest bump. The object of the scheme is that it would be far less expensive to build than the fly-over bridge or other more complicated systems. The intersection of primary and secondary roads is one of the greatest sources of motoring accidents. That is partly due to the very considerable number of them in the country, and this factor, again, would render most systems far too expensive and take far too long to construct to be of practical value

*Below*—**MAJOR ROAD AHEAD: An artist's impression of a suggestion that has appeared in the Press for a simple, cheap and effective method of inducing drivers on minor roads to slow up before entering a main artery**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



"THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND" BY MOONLIGHT: This picture of the old village of Eynsford, Kent, was taken last week when the Southern Counties had a further spell of snow. The moonlight, augmented by the photographer's flashlight and the headlights of a car, all contributed to the successful taking of the picture. While the countryside presented a Christmas-card appearance, the snow wrought havoc with road and rail communications

# ENGLAND UNDER SNOW

The Stern Half of the "Helena Modjeska" is Unloaded; Scuttling the "Empire Lark"; B.B.C. Men Marooned on the Bishop's Rock

SOUTHEND-ON-ICE: London's estuary resort, the haunt of thousands of trippers in the holiday season, was much involved in last week's cold spell. The sea actually froze as the tide trickled in across the mud, and in some places the ice was 12 ins. thick. Boatmen found it necessary to keep their craft on the move to prevent damage from ice pressure

THE ICEMAN SLIPPETH! During last week's snowfall the big cart-horses had the greatest difficulty in keeping their feet on the icy surface, and, indeed, many horses came down. This driver, with no little forethought, encased his horse's front hooves in sacking

A SALVAGE TRIUMPH ON THE GOODWIN SANDS: The stern half of the American freighter "Helena Modjeska," which was wrecked on the dreaded sands last September, high and almost dry at Sandwich Bay, where she is now being unloaded. The salvaging of the bulk of the £250,000 cargo has been a triumph of persistence, for it seemed when she broke in half that there would be no hope of saving the vessel, which was subsequently battered for forty days by high seas lashed by winds reaching gale force. The "Helena Modjeska" is one of several vessels which have of late come to grief on the Goodwin Sands

THE "EMPIRE LARK" HAS A LAST MISSION TO FULFIL: This ex-Nazi freighter, formerly known as the "Kersten Miles," was used during the war as a German submarine depot ship. Later, when she took refuge from Allied shipping and entered the port of Las Palmas, she was interned by the Spaniards. At the moment "Empire Lark" is lying at Plymouth and she has on board a cargo of gas bombs and containers. Together with her cargo she will be scuttled in the Bristol Channel

IT WAS QUESTION-TIME AT THE CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER: A girl putting her question to the Brains Trust at the end of one of the Christmas holiday lectures on World Citizenship. When question-time came boys and girls jumped from their seats and took part in a mad rush to the microphone. Later they were marshalled into a queue, but many went away disappointed, their queries unanswered

PREPARING FOR THE "BATH AND WEST": Timber for grandstands on the site near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, where it is now being got together for the great West Country Agricultural Show. Apart from the "Royal," the Bath and West probably takes precedence of any other show, bringing out the cream of our thoroughbred stock. The site for the 1947 show is 3 miles from the centre of Cheltenham

B.B.C. MEN ARE MAROONED ON THE BISHOP ROCK LIGHTHOUSE—THEY WENT THERE FOR A THREE-MINUTE BROADCAST TALK ON CHRISTMAS DAY: This picture, taken from a visiting plane, shows Keeper Daly hanging on to the wind vane at the summit, while commentator Edward Ward is seen on the edge of the parapet (left) with Keeper Beale. Engineer Charles Cooms is clinging to the lantern screen and waving. When the picture was taken the B.B.C. men had completed over ten days at the lighthouse, and Edward Ward declared in a broadcast that he was beginning to suffer from what the lighthouse men call "Reliefitis." He did not note with particular approval the joys of a purely contemplative life

# The Homes of LAMB and DISRAELI Are in the News

The news that the Lamb cottage in Church Street, Edmonton, has been up for sale and may change hands for around £3,500 recalls one of the most poignant literary stories of all time, for it was at the Edmonton cottage that Charles and Mary Lamb passed the last years of their united lives. For years they had been partners in literary creation and loving companions, "housing together as old bachelor and old maid in a sort of double singleness." Their lives, however, were shadowed by the tragedy of Mary's insanity, and it was in the domestic difficulties so bravely borne that Lamb revealed his true greatness, which is unconsciously unfolded in all his writings. Charles died at the Edmonton cottage in 1834 and was buried in Edmonton Churchyard. His sister survived him thirteen years and she was buried beside her brother. To-day the cottage, although modernised, has lost none of its old character.

Also in the news is No. 19, Curzon Street, the last home of Disraeli, which he bought with the proceeds of his novel *Endymion*. When repaired of bomb damage it is to be let

WHERE CHARLES AND MARY LAMB SPENT THE LAST YEARS OF THEIR UNITED LIVES: The cottage in Church Street, Edmonton, which has been up for sale and is reported to have been offered for £3,500. The essayist and his sister moved into the cottage in 1833, and it was there that he concluded the "Essays of Elia"

LAMB'S COTTAGE IN CHURCH STREET, EDMONTON: A front view of the picturesque little home where the essayist and his sister lived with the Waldens. It was thanks to the devoted care of Mrs. Walden that Mary Lamb had recovered from her earlier bouts of insanity, an acute mania that led her to stab her mother to the heart. Instead of being confined to an asylum, Mary remained in her brother's custody. Lamb died here in 1834

WHERE DISRAELI SPENT THE LAST MONTHS OF HIS CAREER: No. 19, Curzon Street, which is now undergoing repairs. The great statesman went to live there at the beginning of 1881, having purchased the lease with the proceeds of "Endymion." In the closing days of his life increasing crowds gathered round his house, and his passing, we are told, was followed by "a general burst of sorrow." Disraeli was born at No. 22, Theobalds Road

# IN THE COUNTRY NOW: The Art of Hedging and Ditching, and Other Winter Tasks for the Farmer in Cheshire

**THE TASK OF LAND DRAINAGE:** Harry Faulkner, of Malpas, Cheshire, using a pipe hook for aligning pipes on a Cheshire farm. During the winter when work on the farm is less pressing, the good farmer pays attention to hedging, ditching and drainage. For draining property the Government provides a subsidy, as this naturally contributes to keeping the land in good heart

**FACED WITH AN UNENVIABLE TASK:** Bill Evans, another Cheshire personality and an expert on hedging and ditching, starts to work on a 10-ft.-high thorn hedge which has long been neglected. Licking this into shape will be a slow business, and if he averages a yard an hour it will be good going

**CUTTING OUT THE UNWANTED WOOD:** This is the next task after the unwanted briars have been removed in the preliminary stages of re-making a hedge. The hedger uses a 5 lb. woodsman's axe to cut through the tough hawthorn stock. Other implements are the billhook, the saw and a mallet

**HOW A WELL-LAID HEDGE SHOULD LOOK:** Walter Huxley, a Cheshire hedging and ditching champion, took a few hours off from the Duke of Westminster's estate to cut this hedge as a model for less experienced craftsmen. The task is more complicated than it appears to be, the hedger having to cut down and lay back the branches in such a manner that the spring shoots will grow in the needed direction

**THIS IS KNOWN AS PLEAKING OR LAYERING:** It is the most vital part of the whole task of hedging, for one careless stroke of the axe may result in the whole stock being cut off, leaving a wide open and unsightly gap which will then have to be filled with stakes

After the exertions of spring, summer and autumn, culminating in the harvest, the farmer is able to have a slightly easier time in the winter, and while he is, of course, never free from the inevitable task of form-filling, he is able, at least, in winter to plan for the future and ensure that his land is in good heart for the coming season. At this time of the year hedging and ditching, which in themselves involve draining, are vitally important pursuits upon the farm, and the accompanying pictures, all of which come from Cheshire, are fairly typical of current farming practice throughout the country. In many counties, hedging and ditching competitions are now in full swing as the various agricultural societies concerned are intent on keeping alive this art which has been developed in England since the days of Cromwell. Good hedgers to-day mostly belong to the older generation, and although the pay is reasonable, reaching as much as 30s. for a full day's work, the younger men do not seem so interested as their parents

**THE OLDEST COMPETITOR AND STILL A CHAMPION:** Seventy-six-year-old Edward Rogers, of Sealand, taking part in the Cheshire Ploughing and Hedge-cutting Society's annual match at Littleton Old Hall, near Chester. Last season he won no fewer than three championships, and he is considered one of the best men behind a plough in the whole country

# FINDING JOBS FOR OUR EX-OFFICERS

## The Men Who Go to Denison House Are Often Hard to Place

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE stirring of the public conscience over the question of unemployed ex-Servicemen is graphically illustrated by the New Year campaign of the *Daily Express* to give advice and, if possible, find jobs for its out-of-work readers. There already exist, of course, other organisations for finding jobs for ex-Servicemen, one of the most efficient of which is the Employment Bureau of the Officers Association at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, near Victoria Station.

The Officers Association dates back to 1919, but has recently overhauled its working machinery. There has been a definite increase in the working of every branch of the Association. It is not possible to say if the peak has been reached yet, but there are signs that the increased workings will continue for some time to come. The Charter of the Association received the Privy Council's sanction to its amendment in September 1946. As a result, the Association is now authorised to help women members of the Forces of officer status and their dependants.

At first sight it might appear that the number of officers placed in employment is small compared with the number of applications. It must be remembered, however, that many of the officers took the Bureau's advice and had Government training courses as trainees. Many others decided, after all, to return to their pre-war jobs; many more have failed to notify the Bureau when they secured the job for which they were nominated. At the present minute there are 800 ex-officers on the books. Against this there are 250 vacancies. The trouble is that most of these vacancies are for men with some particular qualification. Thus, anybody with the slightest knowledge of accountancy could walk into any number of posts. There are also vacancies for unmarried officers under the age of twenty-five in overseas banks. The matrimonial casualties to officers in this war, however, have been far higher than in World War I. In other words, the vast majority of them are married and have children. This is unfortunate for the officers themselves, because they married when they were captains, majors, or lieutenant-colonels, and on their good Army pay incurred a number of commitments to which they are still tied.

After World War I the situation was very different. To begin with, the gratuities were on a far more generous scale, and it was possible for a former Army captain to accept a £200 a year job, rising to, say, £500 a year after two years because of his substantial gratuity. This time a lieutenant-colonel gets scarcely as much as did a subaltern last time. No officer, therefore, has the camel's hump of a gratuity on which to subsist while he is learning a new job at a low rate of pay. Further, the Socialist Government's determination to devote the vast bulk of English manufactured goods to export makes salesmen and travellers completely redundant. The ordinary officer who has had no business training could slip easily into the job of a commercial traveller, but practically no firm requires them. Everything is sold in advance.

Another difference is that this war lasted six years, and owing to the slowness of demobilisation many officers have been in uniform for nearly eight years. There are, in fact, four categories of applicants for jobs at the Employment Bureau. The first group consists of regular officers who have come to the end of their service in the Navy, Army or Air Force and who have retired on a pension. The ages of these officers vary from forty-five to sixty-five. The next group consists of officers who joined the Regular Army as private soldiers before the war, became non-commissioned officers, and took their commissions under pressure, knowing that, having accepted a commission, they would not be able to make use of such organisations as the Corps of Commissionaires. Their ages vary from thirty-five to sixty-five. The third group are officers who held temporary commissions during the late war, and who are really civilians, but who are unable, for some reason or another, to return to the jobs they had before the war. They vary in age from twenty-eight to forty-five, and mostly possess some qualification for employment in civil life. The fourth group—easily the largest—are the young men who went straight from school or university into one of the three Services, and who have absolutely no technical training nor business experience, even though their educational qualifications may be good. It is clear that the men of these different groups require totally different types of employment. Such posts as secretaries of clubs, golf-club secretaries, welfare officers, and Government appointments in the Control Commission of Germany are about the only forms of employment which the Bureau is able to secure for men of the first group. Men of the second group are generally looking for quite humble jobs, being willing to accept clerical work, accountancy work, jobs as storekeepers or caretakers, and almost any position of trust. They are not very difficult to place and invariably give their employers complete satisfaction. The third group is also fairly easy to place. But the fourth group, having no initial value as far as industry is concerned, are a real problem, and firms have to be persuaded to employ them and teach them an entirely new job. And yet the importance of getting such youngsters started in life must be obvious to any thinking person. It is not only important for the applicant himself; it is equally important for the nation as a whole that such excellent material shall not be included among the unemployed.

The procedure at Denison House is as follows: the ex-officers arrive and are given half-an-hour's interview apiece by one of the four interviewing officers, who are respectively a major-general, brigadier, naval captain and a naval commander. During the interview the applicant is asked his civilian qualifications (if any), his hobbies, education, the minimum salary which he can afford to take and, of course, his ambitions. I have attended one or two of these interviews myself and it is pathetic to see the complete lack of enterprise in finding themselves a job which characterises so many officers who showed the greatest possible initiative in battle. One would have thought that during the year or so which has elapsed since the end of the war they would have thought and schemed—and even dreamed—about their first job in Civvy Street. But not a bit of it. Army training seems to have taught them to rely on some high-level decision for every long-term view which they might have to take. On the other hand, the ill-natured suggestions in the Press that all of them think that they are worth at least £1,000 a year is completely unfounded. The average ex-officer considers himself worth about £400 a year, and, in fact, statistics for 1946 show that the average salary of jobs secured for these men is £353 per annum, and that the average age of the officers is 33.8 years.

At random, here are six consecutive items from the case-book at Denison House:

An Army lieutenant has secured a job as a draughtsman at £350 p.a.; a flying officer as architectural assistant at £340 p.a.; a flying officer as officer in the B.O.A.C. at £500 p.a.; a naval lieutenant as senior export clerk at £546 p.a.; a R.A.M.C. major as trainee at the Women's Printing Society at £290 p.a. (It must be explained that the last-named was a former warrant officer, Regular Army.)

The sixth case is that of a major in the R.A.S.C. who accepted a job at £6 a week with Anglo-Iranian as a storeman and, on arrival, had his salary raised to £1,400 a year as head of the motor transport. Against that, you find a captain in the Royal Engineers who takes a job as a porter in Piccadilly . . .

In addition to the interviewing officers, the Bureau employs three lieutenant-colonels to find jobs in London and the provinces. One of them will secure anything from three to six every day. Details of these jobs are filed and married up as far as possible with the details of the applicants, who have been vetted by the interviewing officers. Altogether there are 150 different categories in which the applicants are placed—anything from dyeing and cleaning to journalism; or brewing to meteorology. Many of the applicants have jobs to which they can go back, and it is often necessary for interviewing officers to overcome their reluctance if they think that the applicants are not suitable for anything else, and are too old to learn another trade or profession.

Many ex-officers think that they can immediately step into a job as a welfare officer merely because they held a similar post in the Army. The trouble is that to be a welfare officer with a firm involves a real knowledge of the various factory Acts, employers' liability, and the like. Others, merely because they were president of their mess committee, think that they are qualified to run a public house or hotel. But, here again, expert knowledge is required.

There are several who still seem to think that something is going to drop from the skies into their mouth. If the Bureau writes to ten officers in connection with a vacancy, the possibility is that two will not reply, and four are not interested. In spite of this lack of enthusiasm and/or lack of initiative, the Bureau is continually finding new jobs for applicants. The only cases which really defeat them are those of officers who have been either cashiered or dismissed the Service.

One of the more curious aspects of job-finding for these officers is the comparatively small number who wish to go overseas. But this is explained by the fact that so many of the overseas jobs require single men, or men unaccompanied by wives.

Perhaps the most useful contact with industry provided for the Employment Bureau is that afforded by the members of the Honorary Advisory Committee, the leading spirits of which are Brigadier the Hon. Hugh Kindersley, C.B.E., M.C., Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. B. Pleydell-Bouverie, O.B.E., and Brigadier M. J. Babington-Smith.

Incidentally, the Bureau has nothing to do with officers who have capital to put into a business

**A TALE OF THE BOER WAR: Mrs. Rupert Ellis Brown, Mayoress of Durban, South Africa, presenting to the Scots Guards a heliograph apparatus which is believed to have been lost by the unit at the Battle of Majuba Hill in the Boer War in 1881**

**THE MAYORESS OF DURBAN RETURNING THE LOST HELIOGRAPH: Mrs. Rupert Ellis Brown handing to Major Steuart Fotheringham, of the 2nd Battalion the Scots Guards, the apparatus lost at the Battle of Majuba Hill, and which has now been returned to the battalion as a gesture of Anglo-South African friendship.** It appears that during the Battle of Majuba Hill, Lieut. Stuart Donaldson was sending heliograph messages when he was mortally injured. A Boer Commando, named Philip Kok, captured the heliograph, and he in due course left it to his son. The gift has been accepted by the Scots Guards, even though they have been unable to trace a Lieut. Stuart Donaldson, or even an officer of the time who bore a similar name

**ON THE ROAD TO ALAMEIN—THE PILGRIMS HALT ON THEIR JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE GREAT DECISIVE VICTORIES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR:** To-day they travel to Alamein in luxury coach, and hardly a day now passes without at least one bus taking the desert trip. Relatives of the fallen are often among the passengers, and a long halt is made at the cemetery, where they may read the names upon the crosses. Last October and November, on the fourth anniversary of the battle, the number of pilgrims reached record figures. There were many South Africans among them

**"FOREVER ENGLAND": Visitors to the battlefield of Alamein walking among the graves in the great cemetery. Each simple cross bears the name, the rank and number of the soldier. During last October and November special commemorative services were held at the cemetery**

# PILGRIMAGE to EL ALAMEIN

**A GUIDE TELLS THE STORY OF THE VITAL TANK BATTLE: Standing amid the wreckage of some burnt-out tanks he recalls to the visitors the never-to-be-forgotten engagement in which the German armour was annihilated**

**IN MEMORY OF THE SPRINGBOKS: The stone memorial at Alamein to the South African troops**

**THE BATTLEFIELD IS SIGNPOSTED: A notice pointing the way to the British pillboxes which can be inspected by the visitor, a few being maintained for show purposes**

**THERE IS STILL WORK FOR THE ENGINEERS: A grim road-sign en route to Alamein, where the minefields are not completely clear, because the mine charts have been mislaid**

When, at the close of 1942, after the Battle of Alamein, Mr. Churchill called upon the bellringers of England to proclaim on a Sunday morning a great and significant victory, he showed his deep sense of history, for there were many people who did not realise at the time that this was one of the decisive battles of the Second World War. It was, indeed, for the Commonwealth the turning of the tide, just as Stalingrad was the turning of the tide for Russian arms. To-day Alamein is a place of pilgrimage, and hardly a day passes without visitors to Alexandria making the trip out to the battlefields where Montgomery achieved his first triumph and started Rommel on the long road back to Germany. Alamein offers the visitor nothing particularly spectacular, but many who make the journey are relatives of the fallen, and all they seek is a knowledge of the place where sons, husbands, fathers, cousins or friends made the supreme sacrifice

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# MR. DRAWBELL PROVIDES SOMETHING FOR ALL

*We can also be Grateful to Evelyn Waugh; and to Claude Houghton, a Novelist with Polish*

IT is characteristic of Mr. James W. Drawbell that he should find in a poem by D. H. Lawrence the title of his book DRIFTS MY BOAT (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.). Those who think of busy journalists and hard-driven and hard-bitten editors of national newspapers as tough individuals working sixteen hours a day on "hard" news stories, should pause to consider Mr. Drawbell's affection for a lovely poem by a writer better known as a novelist.

But then Mr. Drawbell has more than once revealed himself to be interested in life and in the human stuff of life in other terms than the stresses and distresses which make up the columns of the average national newspaper. This book is full of memories and stories about almost every famous person who has appeared on the public stage in the last twenty years. Some of the stories are not new, but a lot of them are, and they are always entertaining.

At the same time he goes off on tangents, as, for instance, on the atmosphere of certain hotels, particularly in relation to one's youthful days. Or, again, he can interpose a charming little chapter entitled "Fathers have feelings, too." Nowhere have I seen expressed more poignantly those feelings which thousands of men from the year 1940 onwards felt on being separated from their children.

Then again, there was the fun in his work, as, for instance, in the chapter, "A Star is Born," in which he can tell us how first he made it possible for a wide public to appreciate the varying talents of Vicki Baum, A. J. Cronin, Axel Munthe, Simenon, and most rewardingly of all, Monica Dickens.

These are only a few things chosen haphazard and noted because one reader liked them in a book full of good things.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh's WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD (Duckworth. 15s.) contains, in the author's own words, "all that I wish to preserve of the four travel books I wrote between the years 1929 and 1935."

The time is surely propitious for other writers to follow Mr. Waugh's excellent example and to re-issue in a compact form such of their work as they wish to preserve. In certain directions the strain on publishers, and on the printing and binding industries as a whole, might thus appreciably be lessened, while some critics might be afforded opportunities too good to be missed.

This collection is instructive since, in a slight preface, the author gives us a glimpse of the grown-up Mr. Evelyn Waugh (or should we say, the atomised Mr. Waugh?) touching up a portrait of the artist as a young man. In those days, as he points out, he had no fixed home and no possessions which would not conveniently go on to a porter's barrow, so he travelled continuously in England and abroad. In the very early days he travelled only for pleasure. As the shades of the prison house closed he became a war correspondent and went to Abyssinia. "I was in the livery of the new age."

We can be grateful to Mr. Evelyn Waugh for these portraits in a mirror, and if, for our own reasons, we prefer the light-hearted pleasure cruise of 1929, perhaps coupled with the Amazonian adventures of 1932, it may be that, like him, we can enjoy a nostalgic lingering over the phrase "my own travelling days are over."

Mr. Claude Houghton is a writer who seems to relish, as much as any English—or French—writer of the present day, the art of what is loosely called the "psychological" novel. His work, however, is not purely reflective, but alive with action, even though all that action is liable to be directed and, indeed, dominated by the minds of his characters. In other words, his novels are thoughtful but not necessarily static. His new book is typical of his very individual manner. TRANSFORMATION (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the story of an artist, a sensitive and lonely figure, who has experienced all his life the most vivid dreams, to such a degree that in his childhood his dream world meant more to him than his real surroundings. One night this man dreams that he has murdered a girl who has been his mistress, and who has also been the model for some of his best paintings. On the same night this girl is, in fact, murdered and, while the police investigation takes its course, the artist is in an agony of doubt in case he might really be the criminal. The story is an involved one, but never difficult to follow, as each new development seems to grow naturally out of the one before, and to have a valid relationship to the rest of the plot. This, of course, is the true technique of writing, and that is something that Mr. Houghton understands very well.

**CAMPANOLOGISTS ARE IN THE ASCENDANT! Bell-ringers practising with handbells at the celebrated Whitechapel Bell Foundry in East London. They are members of the Ancient Society of College Youths, an organisation which supplies bell-ringers to most of our famous churches and cathedrals. Members have been ringing the bells at St. Paul's for 250 years, dealing with a much weightier task than that which they are engaged upon here. In fact, the tenor bell of St. Paul's weighs 62 cwt. Bell-ringing is popular these days, and since the close of the war the number of people seeking to acquire the art has been prodigious**

FOREIGN MUD (Faber. 21s.) is, in spite of its unprepossessing title, a book of very real interest to the leisurely and studious reader. It is definitely not a book for a short train journey, or one to be read in snatches like an anthology, but it has its own value and its own enchantment, like all Mr. Maurice Collis's work.

Briefly, the book gives the story of the development of the illegal opium traffic in Canton from the years 1830 to 1842. During this period the harshness of the Imperial regulations against traders drove the merchants of the East India Company to resort to this traffic in order to liquidate an adverse trade balance, and it was the Chinese Government's reaction against that trade that led to the first Anglo-Chinese war of 1840.

Mr. Collis has treated the twelve relevant years in the greatest detail, examined the events that led up to the war, and given a brief summary of what were, in his view, the consequences, and although that might sound ponderous, such is his dramatic sense in the selection of episodes, and in the scenes which he highlights, that the result is far from dull.

There is a sly wit in his writing, too, which you will enjoy.

Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, in explaining why he has chosen the first half of the seventeenth century for the setting of his new historical study, writes an assessment and a comparison of that period with our own times that is well worth reading and marking, whatever your own political tendencies.

"There is surely some interest attaching to the end of the English monarchy—for monarchy in the true sense died with Charles in January 1649," he writes, "—or to the emergence of the greatness of the dictators. The 'struggle for freedom,' the Civil War, the forging of the Constitution, the appearance of new ecclesiastical and political theories are in themselves worthy of study. . . . Certainly by comparison the modern world is rather dim. Ireton and Rainsborough argued the case of Communism *v.* Fascism at Putney in 1647 much more intelligently and profoundly than it has ever been argued since. No 'underground movement' can ever have been so successful and well organised as the 'Great Rebellion.' The role of the Church in politics, the Anglo-Catholic desire for reunion with Rome, the ethics of the Establishment—these matters were debated then in such a way that the modern ecclesiastical pronouncements on them sound like a series of parrot cries."

Mr. Williamson is harsh enough there, but adds candidly that a personal preference of very long standing is an equally sound explanation of his choosing to write about Charles and Cromwell the two greatest figures of this period in English history.

CHARLES AND CROMWELL (Duckworth. 15s.) is a fascinating book and, in my view, all the better for its prejudices.

# "WILDWOOD"

## A New Novel by a Pulitzer Prize Winner, and other Selections from the Publishers' Lists

Here is a novel that seems, initially, to have everything against it, except for the good names of author and publisher, the former a Pulitzer Prize winner. WILDWOOD (Victor Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), by Josephine W. Johnson, has a banal theme, the acceptance of an orphan into a wholly loveless home; it is very brief, resembling the no longer fashionable long short story; and the narrative is developed by way of a series of word paintings, a device that fails more often than it succeeds. But here, nevertheless, is a story of moving poignance, communicating the deep, intolerable intensities of a child, later a young woman, ringed round in the world with everything except human affection. We are concerned with her guardians, cold, austere Matthew Pierre, the ornithologist, and his wife Valerie, anæmic in body and spirit, and there is nothing in the whole beautiful garden of Wildwood to relieve for one moment this tragedy of utter frustration.

If Emily Dickinson wrote triumphantly, as no other American woman, of life and hope, Josephine Johnson, with her measured, often lyrical prose, is the poet of despair. She portrays a phase of man's inhumanity more unforgettable, perhaps, than a thousand physical wrongs.

To turn from a book of such intensity to John Batten's latest story of the sea is certainly to descend from poetic heights. But here is a writer in his own way no less deeply compelling, and DIRTY LITTLE COLLIER (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.) is a documentary story right in the front rank. John Batten, wartime merchant seaman, takes us to sea with him in the American-built coaling vessel *Hampden Z. Coney*. He is the wireless officer. The skipper and the men are mostly Tyneside folk, with many a good tale to tell, but the second engineer, public school and university, ex-remittance man, and good if sometimes wayward citizen, is the most intriguing of them all. A trip round Britain in wartime in the *Hampden Z. Coney* is a positive revelation, and John Batten clearly enjoyed every moment of it. The story of the Tyne Handicap, when the ships, released from convoy control, all race for port to make the tide and to enable the men to catch the last bus home, is worthy of Masefield at his carefree best.

Legal men have won fame for the pungency of their wit and the brilliance of their lightning repartee, and hardly a day passes but the courts produce some new humorous gem to delight the layman. In MORE LEGAL FICTIONS (Stevens. 6s.) the spontaneity of the courts is wholly lacking, however, and Mr. Laurence Polak's dressing up in legal language of cases culled from Shakespeare, such as Shylock *v.* Antonio, in re a matter of a pound of flesh, and the King *v.* Claudius, involving the Dangerous Drugs Act, is, after the first few pages, tedious. As each case unfolds it is the mixture as before, and there is no need to stress the relationship between variety and wit.

Commander Kenneth Edwards has long been well known as a writer on naval subjects, and it is only fitting that he should have been chosen to contribute to the "Britain at War" Series. (Hutchinson. 21s.). He has written the fourth volume on the Royal Navy, dealing with the period from July 1943 to September 1944, a time when our naval forces were beginning to emerge from the worst of their ordeal and were striking back in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, not to mention in the far northern waters, where our Russian convoys were getting through with vital supplies to Murmansk. This is a finely told story and the drawings and illustrations are magnificent.

Two new mystery stories are THE KNIGHT AND THE CASTLE (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), by John Newton Chance, and MURDER IN WHITE PIT (John Langdon. 6s. 6d.), by John Barrington. Both are good value, and in *The Knight and the Castle* admirers of Mr. de Havilland will once again find him dominating the tale as he cheerfully blunders and blockbusts his way to success. The beautiful but wicked Evelyn Rolf and her sinister lieutenants are, readers will be glad to know, well and truly accounted for.

In the Victorian Age the Toy Theatre enjoyed a vogue which, at the moment, shows signs of revival. In JUVENILE DRAMA (Macdonald. 15s.) George Speaight gives a detailed history of this miniature art and some first-rate illustrations adorn the text. The foreword is by Sir Ralph Richardson, whose interest in the toy theatre is well known.

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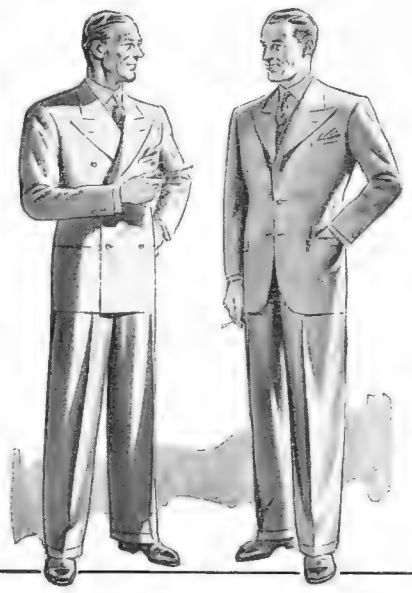

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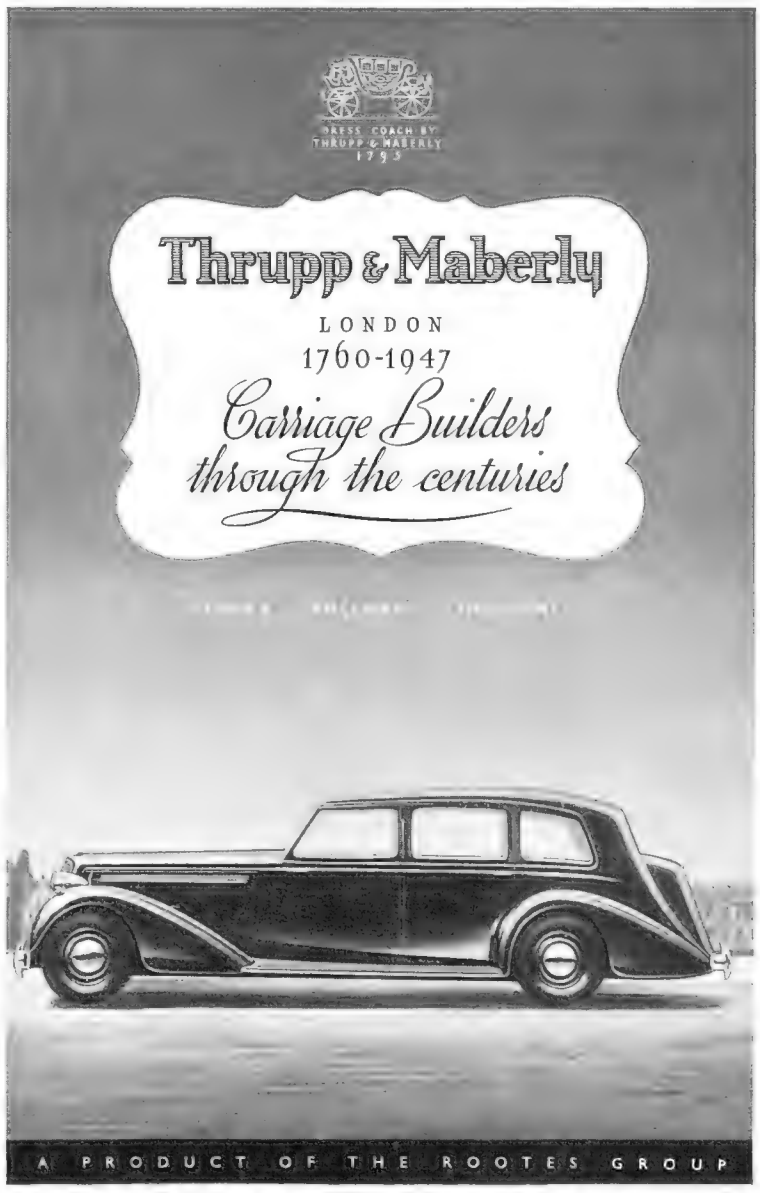

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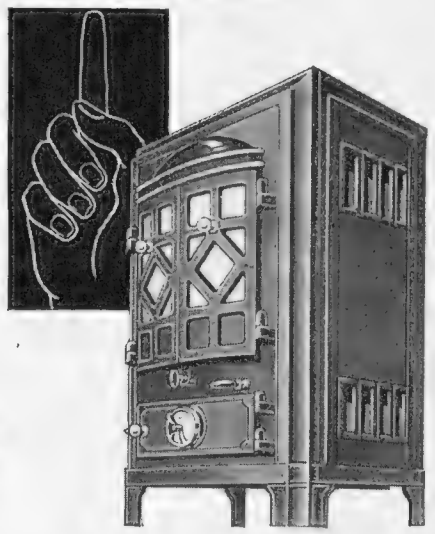

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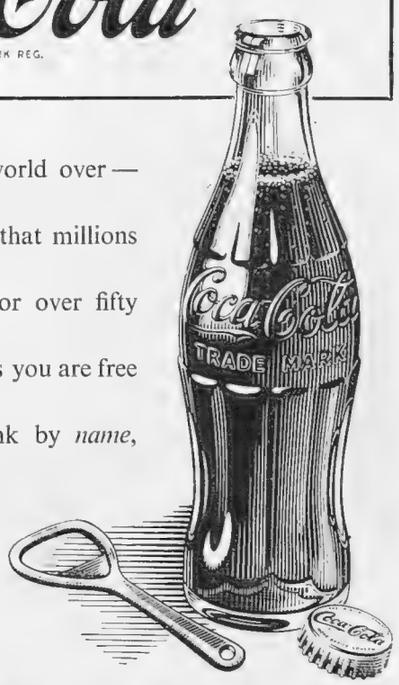


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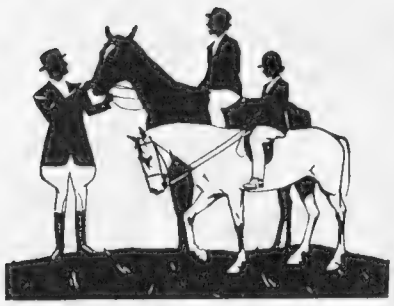

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PRESENT RETAIL PRICES IN U.K.:
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*Why*

**YOU SHOULD BUY**

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*Issued by The National Savings Committee*

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BY APPOINTED BAKERS

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*France offers us the Choicest Sparkling Muscatel*

THE SPARKLING WINE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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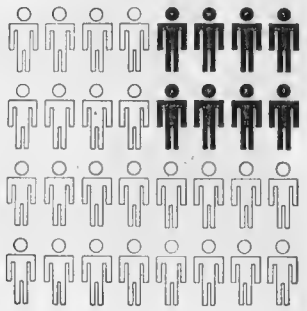

A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that **Colds and 'Flu were the greatest individual time-losers, causing nearly one quarter of total absenteeism.** Colds and 'Flu can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—*so can*

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*sees you through!*

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Here is a free association of famous car manufacturers and engineering firms co-ordinated to further the progress of motoring, to build for you a finer car.

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**"Hydrogen, father, is invisible in gaseous form"**

MANY fathers, confronted with such statements, are apt to become invisible themselves. Fortunately, The British Oxygen Company dealing so much with the invisible, can help adults to meet modern youth on an equal footing. Hydrogen, for example, is an invisible gas, produced most prosaically from ordinary water—the visible becoming invisible. It is done electrolytically. (If your son isn't about, a dictionary will do). But what even many of the best informed small boys don't know is that hydrogen is used in the manufacture of margarine, perfumes and electric lamps. To the layman that sounds more like a Walt Disney fantasy than fact. But the up-to-date industrialist knows that the extraction of various gases from air and water has already revolutionised many manufacturing processes; and so he keeps in touch with our nearest branch with an eye to future developments.

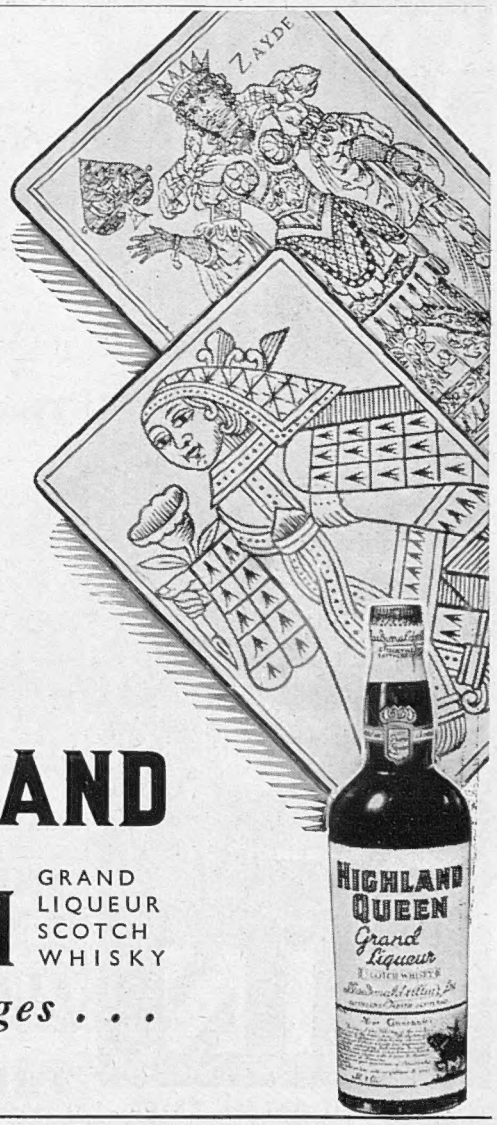
***The British Oxygen Co. Ltd. London & Branches***



*Playing card QUEEN series: No. 3*

***The Queen was like this in 1700***

An oriental Queen (but only of Spades) is a curiosity of an early XVIIIth century pack.




***and like this in 1746 . . . .***

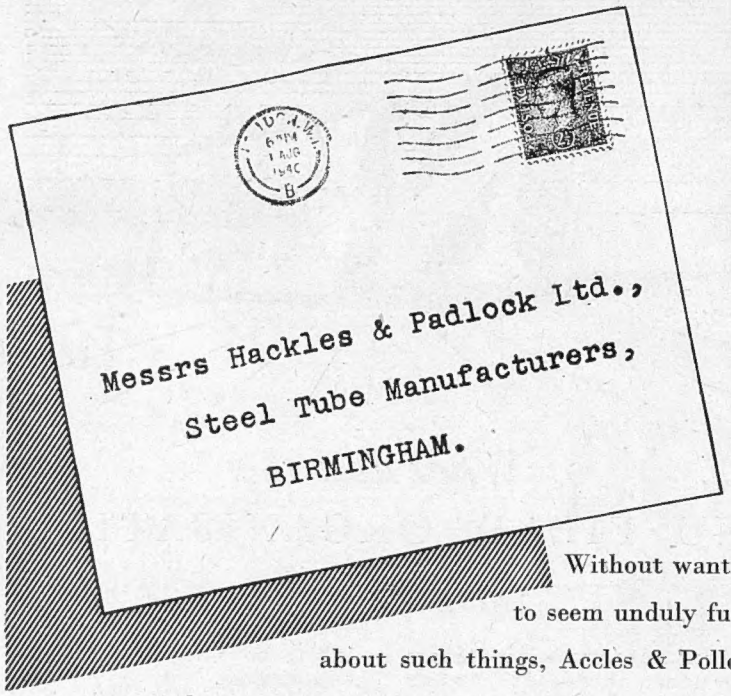
This card bears some resemblance to a Queen of Spades of today, although here the Queen is still 'non-reversible.'

**HIGHLAND QUEEN** GRAND LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

***never changes . . .***

**MACDONALD & MUIR LTD.** Distillers, **LEITH, SCOTLAND**

# AS IF A NAME MATTERS!




Without wanting to seem unduly fussy about such things, Accles & Pollock wish to point out that enquiries for manipulated steel tubes will arrive more quickly if addressed to :

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OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM

*and not to any such name as the above or to* **"Knackles & Rollock", "Shackles & Pollack", "Tackles & Dollop",** *or any other fascinating variants. The P.M.G. would, we feel sure, associate himself with this advertisement.* ACCLES & POLLOCK LTD., OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM
*Makers and manipulators of seamless tubes in Stainless and other steels.*
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**One of Britain's finest hotels**
has as yet no such facilities, so Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes, the active proprietors, regret that they have so often to refuse would-be visitors.

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*The word 'sterling' is a corruption of Easterling — the name given to a group of North German traders who settled in London in the 13th Century and whose coins were of a uniformly high quality.*

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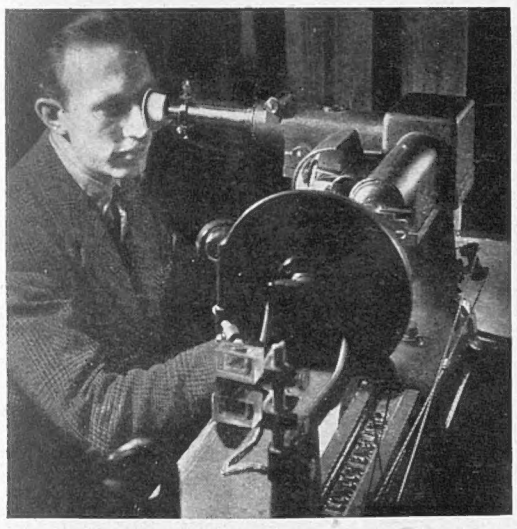
*Cricket* has long been associated with the inn; but never more conspicuously than at Hambledon, which in its day played and won matches against all England. Founded in 1750, its ground was on Broad-Halfpenny Down, where Richard Nyren kept the "Bat and Ball" Inn, and where his son John became one of the early giants. He recorded that although there was a "lodge" on the field "for the convenience of members", the "Bat and Ball", looking across the road, was "the true club house". For many another village team, a pub has been "the true club house". It is difficult to think of two institutions more truly English than cricket and the country inn!

*Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake*





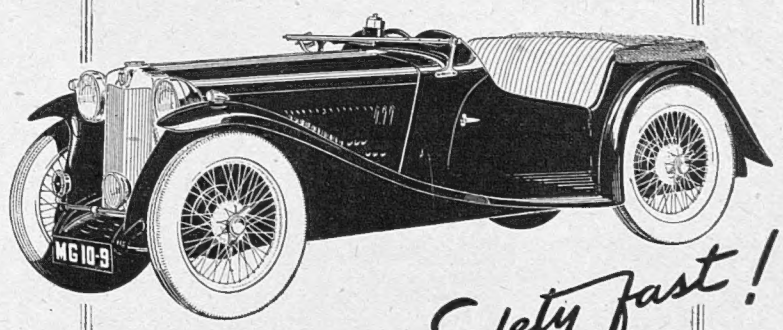
## By Candlelight

A woman buying an evening dress prefers not to choose the shade in daytime, because she knows that it may look different by artificial light. Colour depends on the nature of the light that falls upon the pigment or dye. The white light of the sun is a mixture of many coloured lights, ranging from red to violet. When it falls upon a poppy, a substance in the petals absorbs all except the red rays. These are reflected to the eye, and give the impression of redness. Similarly, grass looks green because it reflects the green rays and absorbs the other colours. Few coloured substances, however, reflect one sort of light to the complete exclusion of all the rest. Poppy-red reflects some blue, and grass-green some blue and yellow. Hence, grass seen by a pure green light would not have quite the same appearance as in daylight, since there would be no blue or yellow for it to reflect. Facts of this kind make it imperative for the British dyestuffs chemist to know exactly what kinds of light each dye reflects. For such information he relies on the spectrophotometer. Here the coloured light from the dye is spread out by a prism or fine grating into its colour components, enabling the quantity of each component to be measured on a graduated scale. Such data are essential, for example, when blending dyestuffs for colour photography or studying the behaviour of dyes in sunlight and artificial light. The British chemical industry has available at the service of the nation much valuable information on the colour characteristics of dyestuffs and is constantly working to enlarge it.

ICI

MG

*Maintaining the Breed*

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## SCOTCH WHISKY

# January

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